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"ALL IN THE GAY AND GOLDEN WEATHER."

ALL in the gay and golden weather,
Two fair travellers, maid and man,
Sailed in a birchen boat together,

And sailed the way that the river ran :
The sun was low, not set, and the west
Was colored like a robin's breast.

The moon was moving sweetly o'er them,
And her shadow, in the waves afloat,
Moved softly on and on before them
Like a silver swan, that drew their boat;
And they were lovers, and well content,
Sailing the way the river went.

And these two saw in her grassy bower,
As they sailed the way the river run,
A little, modest, slim-necked flower
Nodding and nodding up to the sun,
And they made about her a little song
And sung it as they sailed along:

"Pull down the grass about your bosom,
Nor look at the sun in the royal sky,
'Tis dangerous, dangerous, little blossom,
You are so low, and he is so high—
'Tis dangerous nodding up to him,
He is so bright, and you are so dim!"

Sweetly over, and sadly under,
They turned the tune as they sailed along,
And they did not see the cloud, for a wonder,
Break in the water, the shape of the swan;
Nor yet, for a wonder, see at all
The river narrowing toward the fall.

"Be warned, my beauty—'tis not the fashion
Of the king to wed with the waiting-maid—
Wake not from sleep his fiery passion,
But turn your red cheek into the shade—
The dew is a-tremble to kiss your eyes—
And there is but danger in the skies!"

Close on the precipice rang the ditty,
But they looked behind them, and not before,
And went down singing their doleful pity
About the blossom safe on the shore—
"There is danger, danger! frail one, list!"
Backward whirled in the whirling mist.

ALICE CARY.

THE THREE BROTHERS.

A NOVEL.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT, AUTHOR OF "THE CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD,"
"THE BROWNINGS," ETC.

CHAPTER I.—THEIR FATHER.

THE reason why Mr. Renton's sons were sent out into the world in the humble manner and with the results we are about to record, must be first told, in order that their history may be comprehensible to the reader. Had they been a poor man's sons, no explanation would have been necessary; but their father was any thing but a poor man. The family was one of those exceptional families which add active exertion to hereditary endowments. Though the Rentons had been well-known people in Boscashire for two or three centuries, it had almost been a family tradition that each successive heir, instead of resting content with the good things Providence had given him, should add by his own efforts to the family store. There had been pirates among them in Elizabeth's time; they had made money when everybody lost in the time of the South Sea. Mr. Renton's father had gone to India young, and had returned what was then called a

"Nabob." Mr. Renton himself was sent off in his turn to Calcutta as remorselessly as though he had not been the heir to Heaven knows how many thousands a year, and he too had increased the thousands. There was not a prettier estate, nor a more commodious house, in the whole county than Renton Manor. The town-house was in Berkeley Square. The family had every thing handsome about them, and veiled their bonnet to none. Mr. Renton was a man who esteemed wealth as a great power; but he esteemed energy still more, and placed it high above all other qualities. As he is just about to die, and cannot have time to speak for himself in these pages, we may be permitted to describe a personage so important to this history. He was a spare, middle-sized man, with a singular watchfulness and animation in his looks; his foot springy and light; his sight and hearing and all his senses unusually keen—a man always on the alert; body and mind, yet not incapable of repose. Restless was not an epithet you could apply to him. A kind of vigilant, quiet readiness and promptitude breathed out from him. He would have sooner died than have taken an unfair advantage over any one; but he was ready to seize upon any and every advantage which was fair and lawful, spying it out with the eyes of an eagle, and coming down upon it with the spring of a giant. Twice, or rather let us say four times in his life, he had departed from the traditions of the Rentons. Instead of the notable, capable woman who had helped to make the family what it was, he had married a pretty, useless wife, for no better reason than that he admired her. And partly under her influence, partly by reason of a certain languor and inclination toward personal ease which had crept over him, he had been—as he felt—basely neglectful of the best interests of his sons. The eldest, Ben, had not been sent to India at sixteen, as his father was; nor had Laurie, the second, gone off to the Colonies, as would have been natural; and, as for Frank, his father's weakness had gone so far as to permit of the purchase of a commission for him when the boy had fallen in love with a red-coat. He was a Guardsman, save the mark, and he a Renton! The eldest surviving aunt, Mrs. Westbury, who was full of Renton traditions, almost went mad of it, so afflicted was she by this departure from them. She had two boys of her own, whom she had steadfastly kept in the family groove, and, accordingly, had the very best grounds for her indignation. "But what was to be expected," she said, "from such a wife?" Mrs. Renton was as harmless a soul as ever lay on a sofa, and had little more than a passive influence in the affairs of her family; but his sister, endowed with that contempt for the masculine understanding which most women entertain, put all the blame upon her soft shoulders. Two men-about-town, and a boy in the Guards! "Is Laurence mad?" said Mrs. Westbury. It was her own son who had gone to the house in Calcutta, which might have mollified her; but it did not. "My boy has to banish himself, and wear out the best of his life in that wilderness," she said, vehemently, "while Ben Renton makes a fool of himself at home." When they brought their fine friends to the Manor for shooting or fishing, she had always something to say of her boy who was banished from all these pleasures; though, indeed, there had been a great rejoicing in the Westbury household when Richard got the appointment. It was but a very short time before her brother's death that Aunt Lydia's feelings became too many for her, and she felt that for once she must speak and deliver her soul.

"Ben is to succeed you, I suppose?" she said, perhaps in rather an unsympathetic way, as she took Mr. Renton to the river-side for a walk, under pretence of speaking to him "about the boys." He thought, poor man, that it was her own boys she meant, and was very good-natured about it. And then it was his favorite walk. The river ran through the Renton woods, at the foot of a steep bank, and was visible from some of the windows of the Manor. The road to it was a charming woodland walk, embowered in great beeches, the special growth of Boscas. Through those vast branches, and round about their giant trunks, playing with the spectator's charmed vision like a child, came glimpses of the broad, soft water, over which willows hung fondly, and the swans and water-lilies shone. Mr. Renton was not sentimental, but he had known the river all his life, and was fond of it; perhaps all the more so as he found out what mistakes he had made, and that life had not been expended to so much purpose as it ought to have been, so that he walked down very willingly with his sister, and inclined his ear with much patience and good-nature to hear what she had to say about her boys.

"Ben will succeed you, I suppose?" she said, looking at him in a disapproving way, as they came to the very margin of the stream

where Laurie's boat, with its brightly-painted sides and red cushions reflected in the water, lay moored by the bank. It was a fantastic little toy, meant for speed, and not for safety; and Mrs. Westbury would have walked ten miles round by Oakley Bridge rather than have trusted herself to that arrowy bark. She sighed as her eyes fell upon it. "Poor Laurie! Poor boy!" she said, shaking her head. The sight seemed to fill her with a compassion beyond words.

"Why poor Laurie?" said Mr. Renton; but he knew what she meant, and it made him angry. "Of course Ben will succeed me. I succeeded my father. It is his right."

"Ah, Laurence, but how did you succeed your father?" said Mrs. Westbury. "You had the satisfaction of being the greatest comfort to dear papa. He felt the property would be safe in your hands, and be improved, as it has always been. People say we are such a lucky family, but you and I know better. We know it is work that has always done it—slas, until now," she said, suddenly lifting up her eyes to heaven. Truth compels us to add that Mr. Renton was very much disconcerted. He could not hear his own family attacked; but he felt the justice of all she said.

"Well, Lydia, manners change," he said. "It seemed natural enough in our time; but, when you come to consider it, I don't see what reason I have for sending the boys away. I can leave them very well off. We were never so well off as we are now. You know I managed to buy that last farm my father had set his heart upon. I don't see why I should have broken their mother's heart—"

"Ah, I knew it would come out," said Mrs. Westbury, with a little bitterness. "Why should Mary's heart be more tender than other people's. I have to send my boys away, though I love them as well as she does hers; and people congratulate me on having such a good appointment for Richard. It never occurs to anybody that I will break my heart."

"You are a Renton," said her brother, with some dexterity. "I often think you are the best Renton of us all. But if poor Westbury had lived, you know, he might have contrived to spare you the parting, as I have spared Mary; and—The short and the long of it is the boys are doing very well. I have no fault to find with them, and I mean to take my own way with my own family, Lydia—no offence to you."

"Oh, no; no offence," said Mrs. Westbury, with a little toss of her head. "It is all for my advantage, I am sure. When my Richard comes home at a proper time with the fortune your Ben ought to have made, I shall have no reason to complain for one."

"Ben will be very well off," said Mr. Renton, but with an uncomfortable smile.

"Oh, very well off, no doubt," said his sister, with a touch of contempt; "a vapid squire, like the rest of them. People used to say the Rentons were like a fresh breeze blowing in the country. Always motion and stir where they were. And, poor Laurie!" she added once more, with offensive compassion, as they turned and came again face to face with Laurie's boat.

"I should like to know why Laurie so particularly excites your pity," said Mr. Renton, much irritated. Laurie was his own namesake and favorite, and this was the animadversion which he could least bear.

"Poor boy! I don't know who would not pity him," said Aunt Lydia; "it would melt a heart of stone to see a boy with such abilities all going to wreck and ruin. It is all very well as long as he is at home, but when he comes to have his own money what will he do with it? Spend it on pictures and nonsense, and encourage a set of idle people about him to eat him up. Laurence, you mark my words, that is just the kind of boy to be eaten up by everybody, and to come to poverty in the end. Whereas, if he had been taught from the first that work was the natural destiny of man—"

"There, Lydia—there—I wish you would make an end of this croaking," cried Mr. Renton. "I am not quite well to-day, and I can't bear it. That's enough for one time."

"As for Frank, I give him up," said Mrs. Westbury—"a soldier, that can never make a penny—and, of all soldiers, a Guardsman! I am very sorry for you, Laurence, I am sure. How a man of your sense could give in so to Mary's whims I can't understand."

"Mary had nothing to do with it," said Mr. Renton angrily; and he led the way up the bank, and changed the subject abruptly. Mrs. Westbury, though she was not susceptible, felt that she must say no more; and they returned in comparative silence to the house. This

walk had been taken late in a summer evening after dinner, and in the solemnity of evening dress, over which, Aunt Lydia, who was stout and felt the heat, had thrown a little shawl. As they reached the lawn in front of the Manor they came upon a pretty scene. Mrs. Renton, who was softly pretty, still lay on a sofa, which had been brought out and placed in the shadow of the trees. Mary Westbury, her godchild, who bore a curious softened resemblance to her mother, sat upright on a footstool by her aunt's side, working and talking to her. The third figure was Laurie, lying at full length on the soft grass. Probably some time or other since dinner he had been having a cigar, for instead of the regular evening coat he had a fantastic velvet vestment, which half veiled the splendor of his white linen and white tie. He was lying stretched out on his back—handsome, lazy, and contented—a practical commentary on his aunt's speech. There were books lying about, which his energetic cousin had been coaxing and boring him to read aloud; but Laurie had only shaken his head at her, ruffling his chestnut locks against the grass: and a little sketch-book lay by his side, where it had fallen from his indolent hand. Mrs. Westbury looked at him and then at her brother. What words could say as much? There lay lazy Laurence, with an unspeakable sentiment of *far niente*, in every line of him; and he a Renton, whose very ease had always been energetic! Mr. Renton saw it too, and, for once in his life, was heartily ashamed of his favorite son.

"There you lie," said Aunt Lydia, "resting after your hard day's work. What a laborious young man you must be, Laurie! I never saw any one who wanted so much rest."

"Thanks," said Laurence, with a little nod of his chin from the grass. "My constitution requires a great deal of rest, as you say. If you don't mind moving a little, Aunt Lydia, you are sitting on my note-book. Thanks. There are some swans there I should not like to lose."

"And what use are swans?" said Mrs. Westbury, "I wish you would tell me, Laurie; I am such an ignorant creature, and I should like to know."

"Use," said Laurie, opening his eyes. "They don't get made into patties, as far as I know: about as much use as the most of us, I suppose."

"The most of us have a great deal to do in the world," said Aunt Lydia, growing very red, for she was fond of *pâtes*; "if you know how many things that have to pass through my hands from morning to night—"

"Yes, I know," said lazy Laurence, raising his hand in soft depreciation. "Mary has been telling us; but the use of it, Aunt Lydia. Why should you worry yourself? Things would go on just as well if you let them alone—that's what I always tell Ben. What's the good of fidgeting? If you'll believe," continued Laurie, raising himself a little on one elbow, "all the people who have ever made any mark in the world have been people who knew how to keep quiet and let things work themselves out. There's your Queen Elizabeth," he said, warming to his subject, and giving a slight kick with his polished boot to a big volume on the grass; "the only quality she had was a masterly inaction. She kept quiet, and things settled themselves."

"Oh, Laurie! not when she killed that poor, dear Queen Mary," cried his mother from the sofa. "I hate that woman's very name."

"No," said Laurie, gracefully sinking down again among the grass, "that's an instance of energy, mother—a brutal quality, that always comes to harm."

"Laurence, you are a fool," said Mr. Renton sharply, to his son's surprise; and he turned his back upon them all abruptly, and went in across the soft grass, through the magical evening atmosphere that tempted all the world to rest. His sister had taken all restfulness out of him. Though he was a sensible man, he was a Renton; and the family traditions, when thus recalled to his mind, had a great power over him. He went into the library, which looked out upon a dark corner of the grounds full of mournful evergreens; the black wall of the kitchen-garden showed a little behind them, and the room at this time of day was a very doleful room. It was a kind of penance to put upon himself to come in from that air, all full of lingering hues of sunset and soft suggestions of fallen dew, to the grim-luxuriant room, in which he already wanted artificial light. Here he sat, and pondered over his own life and that of his boys. Up to this moment, they had been a great deal happier than he had been. Like a gust of air from the old plains of his youth, a remembrance came over

him of loneliness and wistfulness, and a certain impossible longing for a little pleasure now and then, and some love to brighten the boyish days. He had not been aware of wanting those vanities then; but he saw now that he had done so, and that his youth had been very bare and unlovely. He had scattered roses before his sons, while only thorns had been in his own path; but what if he had kept from them the harder training which should make them men? He sat till the darkness grew almost into night, thinking over these things. They were men now—the lads. Ben was five-and-twenty; Laurie but a year younger; and Frank, the happy boy, was but twenty, glorious in his red coat. Mr. Renton pondered long, and when the lamp came he made a great many calculations and memoranda, which he locked up carefully in his desk. He had a headache, which was very unusual to him. It was his wife's rôle in the family to have the headaches; and it did not occur to Mr. Renton that there could be any thing the matter with him. It was the heat, no doubt, or a little worry. The ladies had come into the drawing-room when his ponderings were over. It was a large room, full of windows, with one large bow projecting out upon the cliff, from which you could see the river through the cloud of intervening beeches. On the other side the room was open to the soft darkness of the lawn. There were two lamps in it, but both were shadowed; for Mrs. Renton's eyes, like her head, were weak; and the cool air of night breathed in, odorous and soft, making a scarcely perceptible draught from window to window. Mrs. Renton lay quite out of this current of air, which naturally she was afraid of, on another sofa. Mary made tea in a corner, with the light of one of the lamps falling concentrated upon her pretty hands in twinkling motions about the brilliant little spot of china and silver. She had a ring or two upon her pink transparent fingers, and a bracelet, which sparkled in the light. Mrs. Westbury sat apart in a great chair, and fanned herself. Now and then, with a dash against the delicate *abut-jour* of the lamp, came a mad moth, bent on self-destruction. Mr. Renton dropped into the first chair he could find, not knowing how it was he felt so uncomfortable, and Mary brought him some tea. The weather had been very warm, and everybody was languid with the heat. They all sat a great way apart from each other, and were not energetic enough for conversation. "Where is Laurie?" Mr. Renton asked; and they told him that Laurie, with his usual wilfulness, had gone down to the river. "There will be a moon to-night," Mrs. Renton said, with some fretfulness; for she liked to have one of her boys by her, if only lying on the grass, or on the deep mossy carpet, which was almost as soft as the grass.

"He has gone off to this moonlight, and his swans, and his water-lilies," said Mrs. Westbury, with disdain; but even she felt the heat too much to proceed.

"The water-lilies are closed at night," said Mary apologetically; venturing to this extent to take her cousin's part. Lazy Laurence was a favorite with most people, though he had no energy. Then, all at once, a larger swoon than usual went circling through the dim upper atmosphere of the room, and Mrs. Renton gave a scream.

"It is a bat!" she cried. "Ring, Mary, ring—I am so superstitious about bats; and Laurie out all by himself on that river.—Mr. Renton, I wish you would put a stop to it. I never can think it is safe.—Oh, tell them to drive out that creature, Mary. I always know something must happen when a bat comes into one's room."

"No, godmamma, never mind," said Mary. "It is only the light. How should a bat know any thing that was going to happen? They come into the cottage in scores, and we never mind."

"Then you will be found some morning dead in your beds," said Mrs. Renton; "I know you will. Oh, it makes me so unhappy, Mary! and Laurie all by himself in that horrid little boat!"

"Laurie is all right," said Mr. Renton; "he knows how to manage a boat, if he knows nothing else." This was muttered half to himself and half aloud, and then he went into the bow-window and looked out to the river. The moon had just risen, and was shining straight down upon one gleam of water, which blazed intensely white amid all the darkling shadows. As Mr. Renton stood looking out, a boat shot into the gleam, with long oars glistening, balancing, touching the water like wings of a bird. "Laurie is all right," he said to himself, in a mechanical way. He did not himself care for a thousand bats. But his wife's alarm struck into his own uneasiness like a key-note—the key-note to something, he could not tell what. It was all so lovely and peaceful as he looked—soft glooms, soft light, rustling rhythm of fo-

liage, wistful breathing of the night air over that pleasant landscape he knew so well. After all, was it not better to have the boy there in his boat, than scorching out in India or toiling like a slave in some Canadian or Australian forest? What is the good of the father's work but to better the condition of the sons? But, on the other hand, if life when it came should find the sons incapable? Mr. Renton had been a prosperous man; but he knew that life was no holiday. When it came like an armed man with temptations, and cares, and responsibilities, upon that silken boy, how would he meet it? These were the father's thoughts as the bat was hunted out with much commotion, and his wife lay sighing on her sofa. If he had been well, probably, Mrs. Westbury's talk would have had no such effect upon him; but he was not well; and it had made him very ill at ease.

Next day his lawyer came, and was closeted for a long time with him, and there were witnesses called in—the Renton who happened to be calling, and Laurie himself, all unconscious of what it was about—to witness Mr. Renton's signature. And within a week, though he was still in what is called the prime of life, the father of the house was dead; and his will alone remained behind him to govern the fate of his three sons.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN ADVENTURE IN THE INTERIOR OF CHINA.

WE were a very jolly party, we who on a delightful June day were seated beneath the awning on the quarter-deck of an American steamboat, then lying in the port of Hankow, China. Our party consisted of two ladies and five gentlemen, two of the latter being young English merchants, residing in Shanghai, and the remainder of us being Americans. We had met for the first time on board the steamer just previous to her departure from the last-mentioned port, about a week before, but, with the sociability which distinguishes the Anglo-Saxon race when abroad, we soon became intimately acquainted. A few bottles of champagne, and a generous allowance of that insidious but inviting compound, claret-cup, partaken just before starting on our novel voyage, proved an excellent introduction, and paved the way for a lasting intimacy and friendship. The ladies, the wife and sister of one of our party, an American merchant doing business in Shanghai, had but just arrived from New York, and were quite new to the curious scenes and customs by which they were surrounded; but the rest of us, all the gentlemen, were quite *blasé* in all that pertained to Celestial life, having for months and years past endured existence in the antipodes for the sake of the filthy lucre, more easily to be made there than at home. For five days after leaving the commercial metropolis of China, Shanghai, we made our way against wind and current up the noble Yang-tse-kiang River. Five charming, delightful days they were. The weather, although on shore intensely hot, was, thanks to the breeze which somewhat impeded our progress, delicious, and the scenery along the banks and among the groups of islands through which we passed intensely interesting. At the time of which we speak but few Europeans had ever passed over this ground, our steamer being among the first whose keel had ever ploughed the waters of the noble Yang-tse; and the ports on the river had been but recently opened. With the energy characteristic of the Caucasian race, however, already nearly a dozen European mercantile houses, American, English, French, and German, had established themselves at Han-kow, one of the treaty ports, seven hundred miles from the mouth of the river, and, of course, the same distance into the interior of China. Although opened to foreign traffic by the Government, it was not without meeting great opposition from the people of that section, that these houses were established, and a residence at that port was not without its perils and disadvantages. Kin-kiang, a port one hundred and twenty miles below Han-kow, and,

consequently, that much nearer Shanghai, was similarly occupied, some six or eight adventurous Yankees and Britons, representing some of the great houses of the country, having located there. Five or six fleet steamboats, all built in the United States (the English boats being found unsuitable), perfect models of the Sound and Hudson River steamboats of our own land, were making regular trips up this monarch of rivers.

Every thing being strange and new, our enjoyment of this trip some seven hundred miles into the interior of the Flowery Land was keen indeed. Pagodas and temples here and there dotting the shore; the river alive with small craft of every description; beautiful islands, on which, hidden among the trees, peeped out some Buddhist monastery; and the scattering villages, built in a day of bamboo and mud, and thronged with a busy people, who invariably assembled on the banks to see us pass, and as invariably became frightened almost to death at the sound of our steam-whistle,—all made up a scene upon which we never tired of looking. Every thing connected with our home-like steamboat was also of the most comfortable kind. Luxurious dinners, such as few people in Yankee-land allow themselves; wine and spirituous comforts, *ad libitum*, and all other little comforts at discretion, tended not a little to while away the days we passed upon this inland trip in the pleasantest possible manner. Being on pleasure bent, most of us, and desiring to leave the cares of business far behind, we were sorry enough when, on the sixth day after leaving Shanghai, we anchored at Han-kow, the port of our destination.

And now we return to the point where we commenced our story. Our friends on shore, in consequence of the limited character of their domestic arrangements, being unable to entertain us as they could wish at their extemporized houses, we remained during our stay of four days at Han-kow, by the kind invitation of our good friend the captain, on board of our floating home. It was the third day after our arrival, when, having just discussed a most inviting lunch, or *tiffin*, as it is called in the East Indies, we were enjoying our cheroots, the male portion of us, under the awning on the quarter-deck, when the best mode of agreeably passing the afternoon came up for discussion. We had seen all the lions of Han-kow, which did not differ greatly from similar animals of the other seaport towns and cities of China; had been stared at and followed by almost the entire population, two or three hundred thousand, I believe; had been saluted as foreign dogs and red-headed barbarians; and had even been treated with evidences of the ill-will of the natives in the form of kicks and cuffs, all of which little pleasanties we thought it prudent not to resent; and having, in spite of these little drawbacks, indulged to the full our propensities for sight-seeing, we had come to the conclusion that we had "done" the place pretty thoroughly, and must look elsewhere for the means of beguiling the hours which now, for the first time, began to hang rather heavily on our hands.

Nearly opposite to the city of Han-kow, on the northern bank of the river, which at this point is about three miles wide, stands the city of Woo-chang, then as now, I believe, almost a *terra incognita* to foreigners. It was quite a large city, even for China, a country of large cities, and, from the distance which separated us, looked beautifully. We had gazed upon it, and the surrounding country, ever since our arrival, but the thought of visiting it had, as yet, never entered the head of the boldest among us. One or two missionaries, and a boat's crew from the English gunboat, the *Growler*, had, we knew, on one occasion paid their respects to the residents of that city; but the reception they met with (the reverse of cordial) had not encouraged them to repeat the experiment. We must have been wonderfully *enraged* and tired of the exciting scenes constantly passing around us, for no sooner was it proposed by one of the gentlemen of our party, and the motion was seconded by a lady, that we should all of us embark in the ship's boats and pull over to the opposite city, than the propo-

sition was accepted, and we made instant preparations for carrying the plan into effect. Hazardous as such an expedition was if undertaken by the gentlemen of the party alone, it was doubly so when the ladies were to accompany us, and, although they begged as only women can to be allowed to share our pleasures and our perils, we must have quite taken leave of our sense for the time being when we consented to their accompanying the expedition. As one of the gentlemen of the party, a merchant who had spent many years in China, could speak many of the different dialects in use among them, and was particularly well versed in that entirely spoken in that section, it was thought that he could explain to any evil-minded or doubting persons who we were, the nature of our errand, and the peaceful and fraternal feelings which we entertained toward them. To make assurance doubly sure, however, we sent a courteous message to the *Toutai*, or mayor of Han-kow, begging him to allow us an escort of a few soldiers, who, we innocently thought, would prove quite sufficient for our defence. The reply of the *Toutai* duly arrived in the form of five dirty, mangy-looking heroes, armed with spears, or lances, and swords, and whose personal appearance did not prove very reassuring. To do these fellows justice, we must say that they attempted, with all the power of language at their command, and the Chinese dialects are copious in words, to dissuade us from the foolhardy errand upon which we were bent. They alluded in strong terms to the ill-feeling toward foreigners, or barbarians, as they themselves called us, entertained by the population of Woo-chang, and indeed the whole of the northern part of China, and also declared their inability to defend us in case we were attacked by a superior force. Having quite made up our minds, however, we would not listen to reason, and, buckling on our revolvers, and filling our pockets with cigars, some of them to be used as peace-offerings, with our canes, or Penang lawyers, in our hands, we made ready for the start. The ladies, too, arrayed in pretty white dresses, and finery so appropriate and comfortable in a warm climate, were looking more than usually charming, and appeared sufficiently handsome, as indeed they were destined, to captivate the hearts of the entire male portion of the inhabitants of Woo-chang. Our captain had also signified his intention to accompany us, and with the crew of European sailors, dressed in man-of-war style in white shirts and straw hats, had his own gig ready waiting for us at the gangway. All ready at last, we finally embarked, our Chinese guard stowing themselves away in the bow of the boat, and the remainder of us lolling on the soft cushions at the stern. Pulling rapidly across, we soon put considerable distance between our own loved ship and ourselves, and as rapidly neared the point of our destination. As we passed the many small fishing-boats which were lazily coasting along the other shore, their occupants would stop the work in which they were engaged, and stare at us in the most singular and unpleasant manner. The sight of the ladies in our boat, their dress and appearance so different from the women of their own country, filled them with unspeakable wonder, as their puzzled faces abundantly testified. Reaching a rude landing-place at the foot of a flight of stone steps leading up into one of the streets of the city, we disembarked, not, however, without considerable inconvenience to the ladies, and, forcing our way through a dense crowd of dirty coolies, whose jeers and hoots were any thing but reassuring, we mounted the steps, and reached the street above. Here, by great good fortune, we found three chairs, or palanquins, which are carried by four coolies, and which are used entirely by the better class of Chinamen, and also by all foreigners in the settlements, and in them we placed our two lady-friends and the captain of our ship. Forming a guard of honor, and also for the purpose of protection around the chairs, we signified to the coolies our readiness to depart, requested our Chinese protectors to lead the advance, and, in a body, took up our line of march. During these preparations, however, an immense number of the

people, two or three thousand at least, had gathered around us, and, by jostling and pushing each other, in order to get a sight of us, and thus forcing the crowd on to us, had nearly prevented our departure at the outset. Nothing happened at this point, however, more exciting than the attempt of a ruffianly-looking coolie to place his lips and proboscis in contact with the face of the younger of the two ladies in the chairs, and for which he not only received the full force of the lady's parasol in his face, but was promptly knocked down by a gentleman of the party. This proceeding was greeted with hoots and yells of the most diabolical character, and, if we had exercised or possessed one grain of wisdom, we would have at once returned to our boat, and pulled away from the inhospitable place. Thinking, however, that our body-guard of soldiers were able to protect us, and being unwilling to acknowledge a defeat so soon, we took up our line of march, and, amid the shouts of the populace, the numbers of which were being constantly increased by the arrival of fresh recruits, we proceeded through the narrow and dirty streets of this specimen Chinese city to the top of a hill about three-quarters of a mile from the landing-place. Here, the better to enjoy the scenery, as well as to give the coolies a chance to regain their wind, we called a halt. The crowd, that now surged around us, swelled to three or four thousand persons, became very troublesome, pushing up against the chairs in order to get a glimpse of our ladies, jostling us in the most unceremonious manner, and giving vent to their animosity in the cries of "Kill the foreign dogs!" "Knock them down!" "Trample them to death!" and other cheerful expressions of a similar nature, which, when translated to us by our friend acquainted with the language, proved far from encouraging. It became at last evident to the most obtuse among us that trouble was brewing, and that it behooved us to make our way back to the landing-place as speedily as possible, if we would prevent a serious catastrophe. A shower of stones which greeted us at this moment, one of which cut the face of a gentleman in the most serious manner, made it evident that we must use haste in the matter. Several of the most hot-headed among us instantly drew our revolvers, and prepared to use them, but we were entreated by our friend who could understand the conversation and threats of the Chinese, to put them away, as the least attempt at resistance of this kind would probably cost us all our lives. Appealing to the soldiers, who were supposed to protect us, to keep back the crowd, we were informed by them that they could do nothing, and that their own lives were not any too secure among their brutal neighbors. By a desperate effort, we succeeded in starting again, with the intention of regaining the boat. Our progress was slow at first, and it was soon altogether impeded. Volleys of rocks and stones of all sizes were now thrown at us from every direction, nearly all of us being struck in the head or face. The ladies, being raised above the level of the crowd in their open chairs, were excellent marks for these brutal barbarians, and they (the ladies) suffered accordingly. The face of the younger lady was severely gashed by a sharp-pointed stone which struck her with great violence. Although terribly frightened, our plucky little lady-friends showed neither a disposition to scream nor to faint, but, with pale faces, in one instance covered with blood, they cheered and urged us on to make greater haste. Finding that our fair friends were being made the target for the greater part of the missiles, we again halted, to allow them to alight. Taking one of the ladies on my arm, and transferring the other to her husband, we hurried on as rapidly as possible. A new horror now presented itself. A desire to examine our ladies more closely, to see whether, in the matter of flesh and blood, they resembled their own women, suddenly took possession of the boldest of the dense crowd who were gathered around us, and they commenced a series of insults that bade fair to become unbearable. A big, burly, ruffianly-looking Celestial, darting suddenly toward the lady who had my arm, attempted to raise her dress and clothing. The

poor girl screamed and wept piteously, and it was not until he had attempted the outrage again, that I discovered the nature of his brutal attack. Turning quickly upon him, with one blow of my "Penang lawyer," I laid him on the ground, and, once more taking the arm of the lady, left him howling with a broken skull. Finding that a general attack was meditated upon us, we, by a show of our revolvers, cleared space enough to move again, and betook ourselves to a neighboring temple, or "joss-house," which, by great good fortune, remained open, but the door of which we were unable to fasten after we had entered. Here we remained for an hour, until the excitement outside had partially subsided. Once more we started for our boat, and, this time, after a terrible reception from the enraged Chinamen, who continued stoning us, striking us from behind, and, amid terrible imprecations and threats of instant death, we were successful in reaching it. Our brave sailors, seeing our sore need, came to our assistance, and, with their revolvers, in addition to our own, kept the cowardly assassins at bay until we were safely seated in the boat, when they followed, and, seizing quickly their oars, we were soon pulled, by their lusty arms, out of harm's way, but not before another shower of stones had seriously injured one of our number. For many minutes after our miraculous escape, and while pulling swiftly over the water toward our floating home, none of us found voice to speak, and it was not until after our arrival on board of the steamer, and we had thoroughly refreshed the inner man, having previously left the ladies to the care of the experienced and kind-hearted stewardess, that we could allude to our recent peril in a calm and unexcited manner.

That we had escaped with our lives was a cause of profound wonder, knowing, as we did, the vindictive and utterly reckless character of these barbarians, which could by none of us be satisfactorily explained. The few bruises which we had experienced were looked upon as honorable wounds, and not to be thought of when compared with the great danger which had threatened us.

The captain of H. M. S. *Growler*, after hearing of the occurrence, offered to send a flotilla, with a large body of men, to demand satisfaction for the outrage, and even to attack the town, a proceeding which would have delighted the English tars. We, however, prevailed upon him to take no notice of it, and laid the blame of the whole occurrence upon our own headstrong folly in undertaking such an adventure.

The next day we sailed for Shanghai, and, upon our arrival at that place, separated, but many a long day elapsed before the exciting and dangerous events of that dreadful time ceased to occupy a large share in our thoughts and meditations.

THE WOMAN OF BUSINESS.

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BACHELOR OF THE ALBANY."

CHAPTER X.—THE LAND-SLIP.

THAT night was not as merry as the last. The approaching change in the weather made many of the revellers anxious to get back to their mountain homes, and some took their departure at once, lest the rain should stop them. The young people danced again, and initiated Alexander into many of their in-door sports and pastimes, but the elders were grave, and sat apart discussing the prospects of the morrow, and recounting their recollections of the various inundations they had witnessed in their time, and the destruction of houses and crops, and even whole hamlets, by the resistless force of the torrents swollen by great and sudden rains in the high mountains. Still, no rain fell at Torre. Only the gathering masses of vapor, gradually involving hill after hill, and the growling of distant thunder, presaged storm, and indicated that it had already commenced in the upper valleys. Even when the morning broke, the weather was not so very bad as to intimidate so bold a pedestrian as the young Englishman, much less to damp the ardor of little Arnaud, who was not only eager

to get home, but delighted to think the cascades would be in their glory. It was in vain for the old women and graybeards to remonstrate. Alexander set out with his companion rather late in the day, as there were still objects of curiosity to be visited at Torre, and it was as much as the good people could do to induce them to accept the loan of a couple of huge red umbrellas. There was a thick penetrating mist when they started, which soon changed into decided rain, and the road, rugged at the best, grew every moment heavier, more and more cut up by the rills that poured down from every height, to swell the roaring brook at the bottom of the vale. As long as there was any steady walking, Alexander took advantage of it to ask Arnaud a hundred questions about himself, and his relations, and the Evelyns, and his studies, and what he intended to be when he was a man. The boy's replies interested him greatly. They proved him well-instructed for his age, unusually intelligent, overflowing with gratitude to his benefactors, eager for improvement, enthusiastic, and ambitious. He had been taught English partly by the Evelyns themselves, by Miss Evelyn chiefly; from the pastor of his native valley he had learned Latin, and had made progress enough in Greek to read a chapter of the Greek Testament.

"You will be a Barbe yourself, one of these days," said Alexander.

"No," said Arnaud, proudly, "I am going to be a missionary."

"A missionary!" repeated Alexander, "why a missionary?"

"Because I have read all about Henry Martin and Joseph Wolff, and a great many more, and I want to be like them, and travel in strange countries, among savage people, and make them wiser and better and happier."

"Have you ever thought of the risks and dangers of a missionary's life? It is a noble career, but full of difficulties and trials."

"Oh, yes, I have thought of all that, but it does not discourage me. I am strong, and I shall be a great deal stronger when I'm a man, and why should I not do what others have done?"

"But your good uncle, does he approve of your plan?" said Alexander; "how will he like to be left alone in his old age?"

"Oh," cried Arnaud, "I wish he approved of it more than he does, but he doesn't oppose it now; he knows it would never do for me to lead the quiet life of a pastor, even in this country, wild as it is. Mr. Evelyn used to tell me that there are dangers enough in the path of a Vaudois minister to satisfy anybody, especially in winter, or even in summer, in such weather as this."

"And really I think he told you true," said Alexander, suddenly finding himself on the edge of a gully, a yard and a half wide, right across the road, ploughed by a furious little stream, which the day before scarcely wetted the stones. The rude carriages of the country, had he taken one, could not have proceeded a step farther.

"Follow me," shouted Arnaud, springing over the chasm in the greatest glee.

"It's nothing by daylight," he added, when they were on the other side, "but in the dark, when one of our ministers has to visit a sick person in such weather, he has to look before he leaps."

"I should think so," said Alexander. From this point, which was only a third of the way, their progress was slow, for there were not twenty yards of road that were not broken up more or less by the increasing floods. It was no longer walking, but incessant jumping from stone to stone exposed by the waters, or across channels, many of them deeper and wider than the first they came to. Now, too, the rain was coming down steadily; deep groans of thunder came from the direction of Bobbio, where they were going, and the main stream in the depths of the gorge at their right was rising rapidly over the hugest boulders in its bed, and bellowing like a water-devil. In a few moments they came to "Fatima's jump," as Arnaud called it.

"She could not jump it now," he said, looking gravely at the crevice, "nor can I either."

Alexander himself thought it more discreet not to attempt it, so they scrambled over as best they could, up to their knees in the whirling water, Arnaud never thinking of himself, but only anxious to find the shallowest spots and safest footing for his companion. It was soon obvious, however, to Alexander that the little fellow was growing uneasy, though it was evidently not on his own account.

"This is a wonderful flood," he said, "to have come so suddenly; if it goes on increasing, we shall find Bobbio in a bad way; no place

in the valleys is in such danger in floods. We are near it now. Do you hear a bell?"

Alexander listened attentively, but such was the noise of the rain, and the river tumbling below, and the streams dashing and flashing down on every side, that for some moments no other sound was distinguished. At length the bell was distinctly heard by them both, a continual, unequal, excited, fitful ringing, of itself suggestive of alarm and distress. Its object, as the boy explained, was to collect the inhabitants of the little district together, at least as many as had their dwellings in exposed situations on the hill-side, and, besides, to muster as great a force of the peasantry as possible, both to keep the water-courses clear of obstructions, and strengthen their embankments at the points where they might need support.

"They will want all our help, I can tell you," said Arnaud, "my uncle's house is the most exposed of all in case of a land-slip; the first thing they would do would be to remove him to one of the houses lower down in a protected situation, where every one will go if there is real danger."

It was now hard to see any thing, the sky was so black, and the rain fell in such torrents, like a water-spout, but in a moment or two they distinguished voices, and heroic little Arnaud dashed on through thick and thin, over every obstacle, crying out that they were working at the embankments, and bidding Alexander follow.

When they came to the embankments, it was easy to see from the energy and anxiety of the peasantry working at it that they were in the greatest alarm, and the roaring of the waters seemed amply to justify it. They took no notice of the new-comers—Indeed, they hardly observed them, the darkness was so great, for, owing to the violence of the rain, they had not even the benefit of torchlight, though the sun had already gone down.

"We can do no good here," shouted the brave boy; "come on to the village; it is only a few steps farther—there where you see the lights; we are quite near, and yet we can hardly hear the bells."

After a few minutes' struggling through obstacles which they could not see, and wading up to their knees through the water or the mud, which seemed to be tumbling down from all the heights around, they gained the houses, and found the people in them (only women and children and the oldest men) paralyzed with terror. All who could work were either at the embankment, or at other parts where there were lives to be saved. Arnaud ran into the first house he came to, thinking of nothing but his uncle's safety. Nobody could answer his questions; they could hardly hear his voice in the din, or distinguish his features by the few little glimmering lights they had. He rushed out again, still adjuring Alexander to follow, follow him to the little inn. There was more light there, and they knew him, but could tell him nothing of his uncle, except that some of the strongest of the peasants had gone to his rescue, and had not returned.

"This way, this way," cried the distracted boy, dashing forward once more.

Alexander could only follow him blindly, until a flash of lightning of unusual vividness, which for an instant illuminated every object, not only showed the direction which the boy took, but revealed the whole situation of the village with respect to the mountains that hemmed it in. In a minute Alexander was abreast of Arnaud, who by the next flash pointed out his uncle's house, still standing on a platform which seemed to have been cleared out of the forest of pines, at a height of about a hundred yards above the level of the village.

"As the house is standing," said Alexander, "its inhabitants must be safe."

"Oh," cried Arnaud, "there is nobody in the house now, you may be sure; they are trying to get my poor old uncle down, and that will be the difficulty if the path is washed away. Come on, come on! Oh, what a blessing the lightning is!"

A forked flash of extreme brilliancy was instantly followed with a clap which all the artillery in Europe discharged together could hardly have equalled. Alexander's eye was fixed on the pastor's house under and among the pines. The next moment there was a crashing sound, almost as loud as the thunder, but it was not thunder, it was the headlong fall of the whole of the hill-side above the house, which was swept away, while he was looking at it, by an avalanche of loosened rock and uprooted forest. By the next flash there was nothing

ing visible but a broad ghastly expanse of naked earth and stone stretching up to the mountain's brow.

But, though the dear abode where he had passed his childhood was thus suddenly and fearfully destroyed before his face, poor Arnaud thought only of the old man's life, which was dearer to him a thousand times, and he thought of it collectedly, too, which at such a moment many a brave man of mature years could not have done.

The level space where the house had stood seemed for a few moments to stay the cataract of rubbish; but in a few moments more the fall continued, and, even after reaching the bottom of the valley, many blocks of stone and fragments of tall pines rolled on almost to the spot where Alexander and Arnaud stood.

The former had already abandoned all hope of saving the life of any one who had either been in the house or who had gone to the relief of its inmates. Not so the boy, for, knowing the minutiae of the locality, he observed that the land-slip had not crossed the mule-path that led down to the village, so that it could not have increased the danger of any one who was descending by it. All depended, therefore, on the path being practicable. They pressed on, straining their ears to catch the sound of a human voice, often thinking they heard one, often finding themselves deceived.

"We shall be in the path ourselves in a few moments," cried Arnaud. "It begins to ascend just above here. There ought to be two poplars."

"I see no trees at all," said Alexander.

"They have been rooted up," said the boy; "but never mind; I hear voices," and he clapped his hands with delight.

Alexander gave a piercing whistle. It was answered instantly. Arnaud again clapped his hands, and danced with joy. The voices grew more distinct every instant. A moment more a group of people were visible at a distance of hardly fifty yards, but unhappily they saw at the same time that they were separated from them by an obstacle which Arnaud had not foreseen, with all his experience of the valley. The unprecedented flood of that day and night, seeking vents in all directions, had found one here in what was for the moment a torrent of the wickedest aspect, and five or six yards wide, rushing as if it ran a muck to join the main waters lower down. In an hour it had scooped out the bed in which it foamed; for the peasants, who were now stopped by its breadth and fury, had hardly noticed it as they went up the hill—it was so small a thread. The old minister, however, had been carried down so far in perfect safety, except for his exposure to the night and storm—perils enough for a man in his advanced years. The point now was how to get him across the water. The peasants had already tried to ford it, and, narrow as it was, pronounced it impracticable. It was not merely the depth—for that was not more than between four or five feet—but the slipperiness of the stones and the rage of the water daunted them; it was as much as any man could do to cross himself; and, as to carrying another on his back, it was pronounced a sheer impossibility.

"But it must be done," cried Alexander, "or you might as well have left him to perish with his house."

The word "impossible" was heard from the other side again.

"We shall see," said Alexander, coolly. "Have any of you a rope? If you have, throw me one end of it, and keep a tight hold of the other."

"He's an Englishman," shouted Arnaud, "and a friend of Mr. Evelyn's."

Alexander could hardly help laughing at the proclamation of his country and position at such a critical moment. There was a rope, it was flung across, Alexander caught it, again desired them to hold fast, and, instantly plunging into the water, steadyng himself as much as he could with his red umbrella, in a few strides was safe on the other side.

"Now," he said to the men, "two of you must get over to hold the rope again, and I undertake to carry the old man."

The example decided the wavering courage of the peasants, and two of them obeyed, though there was only a boy on the other side to do what they had done to assist Alexander; but they knew what a brave boy he was. One of them, however, stumbled and almost lost his legs for a moment; but they both crossed.

Now came the tug, one for life or death, for one at least, perhaps for two. The poor old minister, almost speechless with cold and terror, was lifted on Alexander's shoulders, like the aged Trojan in the

epic. The young Englishman then replaced his umbrella with a stout pole which he took from a peasant, seized the end of the rope once more, and, confident in his youth and strength, which he well might be while devoting them to such a noble use, he committed himself and his venerable burden with redoubled caution and more intense steadiness to the dark and raging waters. For one instant his step faltered, and the swaying of the rope made the men on the other side perspire with fear; but he kept his footing firm, and in little more than a minute the aged uncle was safe in his nephew's arms.

It was dawn when the hoary minister was carried to the village, where they had given up all hope of his deliverance, and, as it was, it seemed impossible that he could survive many hours, for he was in his seventieth year. Had anybody then predicted that his life was to be protracted for more than ten years, after what he went through that night, the prophecy would have seemed ridiculous.

At break of day the flood had already begun to abate; the storm had ceased, the sun shone upon the desolation of the night, and Alexander, feeling that the only safety for himself was in continued exercise, drenched as he was, and being also desirous to escape the ovation which his services were likely to bring upon him, stole away, and, broken up as the road was, made his way back to Torre. There he only stopped to change his clothes, and returned to Turin, leaving his fame to follow him, which it probably did all the faster and louder for his carelessness about it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE WATER-CASTLE OF EUROPE.

BY JULES MICHELET.

THERE is nothing comparable with the Alps. No system of mountains seems to approach them, either by the radiation of its groups, so happily ordered and articulated, or for the superb disposition of its reservoirs, which, from glaciers to torrents, lakes, and rivers, shed life over Europe.

Neither the Pyrenees nor the Cordilleras, in their prolonged lines, are so coördinated in one system. The Himalaya chain, enormous in its spread between the Indus and the Ganges, does not so well unite by mutual benefits the regions watered by it. Great volumes of water are lost in its long marshes, in the vast and dangerous jungles at its feet, which cherish a life still defiant to man.

In the Alps all is concordant. The noble amphitheatres that send to the four seas the Po, the Rhone, the Rhine, and the Inn (that true Danube), are not so separated as that the mind may not embrace them in a bird's-eye view.

These sisters, almost touching at their origin, part from one massive tower—the heart of the system, the heart of the European world.

The sublime impression which we receive from this mountain-group is not merely fanciful. It is the natural and rational intuition of a true grandeur. This is the reservoir of Europe, the principle of its fertility. It is the theatre of the exchanges of atmospheric currents and discharge of vapors. Water is life commenced. Its circulation under aerial or liquid forms is accomplished on these mountains. They are the mediators, the arbiters of dispersed or opposed elements which they combine in peace.

They store away the clouds in glaciers, and then equitably distribute them to the nations.

A tourist, standing on the sea of ice at the centre of this imposing circus, was smitten, and exclaimed, "I have found the *Place de la Concorde* of the world!"

The west and southwest winds, laden with the vapors of the Atlantic and even of the Pacific, yield their deposits, which are soon fixed by the breath of the north-wind. Solid and stratified by alternating thaws and freezes, they lie, fated, as it would seem, to eternal captivity. Fresh snows cover the azure beds, and defend them from the sun. But little water appears to trickle away below, compared with the masses that form above; yet equilibrium exists. Mont Blanc, for sixty years,

has remained just the same. Its summit has neither increased nor diminished in height.

To effect this economic balance, a sudden force must intervene. The tyrant of the south, the Fœhn, Autan, Sirocco, Simoom, Vaudère—for it has more than twenty names—falls, impetuous, terrible, impatient, into this world of sullen congelation. With trumpet-voice it wakens those crystalline waters, and dissolves their winter spell. None may turn a deaf ear to this summons. It insists, it hisses, it thunders—no delay!

This thirsty demon of Africa prefers the night for its attack. The day before its onset, changeful mists float around the summits. The air is more transparent, and seems to bring every thing nearer. The moon wears a reddish halo; the horizon, a singular violet. The wind sighs in the high forests; the torrents utter a dull roar. There is a general sense of apprehension.

This formidable benefactor threatens, at first, to destroy the country which he comes to save. He launches enormous blocks from heights, and he rolls gigantic trees into the bed of torrents; he whirls away the roofs of cottages. Providence, what is impending? The guest thus heralded is Spring.

The Fœhn laughs at the Sun. His beams would take a fortnight to melt what the African wind has melted in twenty-four hours. Snow cannot lie before it. In two hours, at the Grindelwald, it melts two feet in depth. It is over now, that long night of the mysterious Alpine plants—their eight months' vigil buried in the snow. Revived by this magician's touch, they gladden in the light of their short summer; their little blossom-heart disports its hour in love. This savage wind, which blows aside the curtain of life's drama, is the messenger of love. This is felt overpoweringly in the valleys, where his warm breath enervates with languor.

The sworn enemy of the Fœhn, the north-wind, by moments tries to get the upper hand. It struggles in vain; it is conquered. Love is still master of the world.

What a happy metamorphosis! how fraught with blessings! That fruitful life which slept on Alpine summits—behold it then delivered! More useful than any river, its mists are off to water Europe with those delicate dews that make the rich meadow, the velvet of the turf. Electric showers charged with nitre suddenly open the leaf, and fire those explosions of charm in which awakening Nature seems to shoot beyond herself—to forget all restraints in this dream of the Spring.

way of pronouncing English names is not to pronounce them at all. Thus, for Southampton, say *Spntn*.

That was the time when *Chatham* was pronounced *Je t'aime*.

The Southwark of those days resembled the Southwark of to-day, as Vaugirard resembles Marseilles. It was a borough; it is a town. Nevertheless, there was considerable activity there in the way of navigation. Into a long cyclopean wall bordering the Thames were fastened rings, whereto the river barges were moored. This wall was called Effroc's Wall or Effroc-Stone. York, when it was Saxon, was called Effroc. The story went, that a duke of Effroc had been drowned at the foot of this wall. The water there was, in fact, deep enough for a duke. At low water there were still six good fathoms. The excellence of this little anchorage drew thither sea-going vessels; and the round-bellied Dutch galliot, called *La Vograat*, was habitually moored to the Effroc-Stone. Once a week the *Vograat* made the direct voyage from London to Rotterdam, or from Rotterdam to London. Other craft started twice a day, for Deptford, for Greenwich, or for Gravesend, going down by one tide and coming up by the other. The passage to Gravesend, although twenty miles, was made in six hours.

The *Vograat* was of a model seen only nowadays in marine museums. The galliot was something of a junk. At that time, while France was copying Greece, Holland was copying China. The *Vograat*, a heavy two-masted hull, was divided by vertical water-tight partitions, giving a very deep cabin amidships, and was low-decked forward and aft, like the iron turretships of our time. This was an advantage, inasmuch as it lessened the hold of a sea shipped in bad weather; but an inconvenience, as the want of bulwarks exposed the crew to its force. There was nothing to keep a man on board who chanced to fall. Thence frequent accidents and loss of life, which caused this mode of building to be abandoned. The galliot *Vograat* traded direct with Holland, not touching even at Gravesend.

An old cornice in stone—rock as much as masonry—ran along the lower part of the Effroc-Stone, and, being available at any time of tide, facilitated communication with the craft moored to the wall. The wall, at certain distances, was cut through by stairways. It marked the southern point of Southwark. An embankment gave passers-by the means of leaning upon the top of the Effroc-Stone, as upon the parapet of a quay. The Thames was visible from it. On the other side of the water London ended. There was nothing but fields.

Higher up the stream than the Effroc-Stone, at the bend of the river nearly opposite St. James's Palace, behind Lambeth House, not far from the public walk, then called Foxhall (probably Vauxhall), there was—between a pottery where porcelain was made, and certain glass-works for the manufacture of colored bottles—one of those plots of waste and grass-grown ground, formerly called in France *cultures* and *mails*, and in England *bowling-greens*. From *bowling-green*, green turf for rolling balls, we have made *boulingrin*. This sward we have now in our houses—only we plant it on a table; it is in cloth instead of sod; and it gives rise to the name *billiards*.

Beyond this we cannot see why, having *boulevard* (bowling-green), which is the same word as *bowling-green*, we should have given ourselves *boulingrin*. It is surprising that so grave a personage as the dictionary should indulge in these useless luxuries.

The Southwark bowling-green was called Tarrinzeau-Field, from having formerly belonged to the Barons Hastings, who are Barons Tarrinzeau and Matchline. From the Lords Hastings the Tarrinzeau-Field had passed to the Lords Tadcaster, who had laid it out for a public resort, as, at a later period, a Duke of Orleans laid out the Palais-Royal. Then the Tarrinzeau-Field had become a common, and was parochial property.

The Tarrinzeau-Field was a sort of permanent fair-ground,

At this period London had only one bridge, London Bridge, with houses upon it. This bridge connected London with Southwark, a suburb paved and gravelled with pebbles from the Thames, all in narrow streets and lanes, in parts very much confined, and comprising, like the city, a mass of buildings, habitations, and wooden hovels—a combustible jumble that fire might ravage at discretion. This had been proved in 1666.

Southwark was then pronounced *Soudrie*: in these days they call it *Sousouvre*, or nearly so. For the rest, an excellent

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by D. APPLEGTON & CO., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

encumbered with jugglers, acrobats, merry-andrews, and itinerant musicians, and was continually filled with foolish people, who came hither to "look at the devil," according to the phrase of Archbishop Sharpe. To look at the devil is to go to the play.

Several inns, that took in, and sent forth their public to these strolling theatres, were open on this spot that kept holiday all the year round, and prospered upon it. These inns were simply covered-in stalls, inhabited only during the day. In the evening, the tavern-keeper put the key of the tavern into his pocket and went away. One only of these inns was a house. There was no other lodging-place on all the bowling-green, the sheds of the fair-ground being always liable to disappear from moment to moment, in view of the absence of ties and the vagabondage of all these mountebanks. A life without root is that of gypsies.

This inn, called The Tadcaster Inn, from the name of the old lords—rather a public-house than a tavern, and rather a hostelry than a public-house—had a gateway and a tolerably large court-yard.

The gateway, opening from the court-yard upon the public ground, was the proper entrance to the Tadcaster public-house, and had at one side a special door by which there was a way in. To say special is to say preferred. This low door was the only one, through which people passed. It opened into the drinking-shop, properly speaking, which was a large, besmoked, and scrubby room, with a low ceiling, and set out with tables. It was surmounted by a window on the first floor, from the iron bars of which the sign-board of the inn was adjusted and hung. The main door, barred and bolted for good and all, remained shut.

To get into the court-yard, it was necessary to pass through the drinking-shop.

There were, in the Tadcaster Inn, a master and a boy. The master was called Master Nicless; the boy was called Govicum. Master Nicless—Nicolas without doubt, which becomes Nicless in English pronunciation—was a widower, miserly and timid, and holding the law in respect. Otherwise, having bushy eyebrows and hairy hands. As for the lad of fourteen, who served the drink and answered to the name of Govicum, he was a merry, loutish chap, with an apron. His hair was cropped short—a sign of servitude.

He slept on the ground floor, in a cell, wherein they had formerly kept a dog. This cell had a small window made dormer-fashion, that looked out upon the bowling-green.

II.

OUT-OF-DOOR ELOQUENCE.

ONN evening, when there was a high wind and it was pretty cold, and when there was every reason in the world for hurrying along the streets, a man who was pursuing his way through the Tarrinzeau-Field, under the wall of the Tadcaster public-house, suddenly stopped. It was toward the close of the winter of 1705. The man, whose dress bespoke him a sailor, was of good air and of fine figure, as is prescribed for folks at court, and is not forbidden for common people. Why had he stopped? To listen. To what was he listening? To a voice that was speaking probably within the court-yard, on the other side of the wall—a voice somewhat senile, but nevertheless so loud that it reached the passers-by in the street. At the same time, the rustle of a crowd was audible in the enclosure whence the voice harangued. The voice was saying:

—Men and women of London, here I am! I congratulate you heartily on being English. You are a great people. I say more; you are a great populace. Your blows of the fist are finer than your sword-strokes. You have a good appetite. Yours is the nation that eats others. Magnificent function. This gulping down the world classes England apart. In policy and philosophy, in handling colonies, populations, and trades, and in the will to do just such ill to others as is good for your-

selvess, you stand alone, and are wonderful. The moment approaches when there will be two placards over the earth; on one will be read: *Men's Side*; on the other will be read: *Englishmen's Side*. I make this declaration for your glory—I, who am neither Englishman nor man, having the honor to be a bear. Further than this, I am a doctor. This accords with the other. Gentlemen, I teach. What? Two sorts of things—those that I know, and those that I don't know. I sell drugs, and I give away ideas. Draw near, and listen. Science asks for your company. Open your ear; if it is small, it will hold but little truth; if it is large, abundance of stupidity will enter therein. Attention, then! I teach the *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*. I have a comrade who makes people laugh; I make them think. We live in the same box, the laughter being equally well-born with the knowledge. When Democritus was asked: "How do you know?" he replied: "I laugh." And I, if I am asked: "Why do you laugh?" I shall answer: "I know." However, I do not laugh. I am the rectifier of popular errors. I undertake the clearing-up of your understandings. They are soiled. God permits the people to deceive themselves and to be deceived. It is of no use to have mock modesty. I confess frankly that I believe in God, even when He is against me. Only, when I meet with filth—and errors are filth—I sweep it away. How do I know what I know? That's my affair alone. Every one gets knowledge where he can. Lactantius propounded questions to a Virgil's head in bronze, that answered him. Sylvester II. held parleys with birds. Did the birds speak? Did the pope chirp? Questions. The dead child of the Rabbi Eleazar conversed with St. Augustine. Between ourselves, I doubt all these facts, except the last. The dead child spoke; very well; but he had at his tongue's end a golden plate, whereon were graven divers constellations. Therefore, he cheated. The fact explains itself. You perceive my moderation. I separate the true from the false. Look you; here are some other errors that you, poor common people, share, without doubt, and from which I desire to set you free. Dioscorides believed that there was a god in hembane; Chrysippus, in *cynopaste*; Josephus, in the root *bauras*; Homer, in the plant moly. All deceived themselves. That which is in these herbs is not a god; it is a demon. I have verified it. It is not true that the serpent that tempted Eve had, like Cadmus, a human face. Garcias de Horta, Cadamosto, and Jean Hugo, Archbishop of Trèves, deny that, for capturing an elephant, it is sufficient to saw down a tree. I incline to their way of thinking. Citizens, the efforts of Lucifer are the cause of erroneous opinions. Under the reign of such a prince, meteors of error and perdition must appear. Claudius Pulcher, O people, did not die because the fowls refused to come out of the hen-roost; the truth is, that Lucifer, having foreseen the death of Claudius Pulcher, took care to prevent those creatures from eating. Let Beelzebub have given to the Emperor Vespasian the power of straightening up the halt, and of giving sight to the blind, by touching them; it was an action praiseworthy in itself, but one of which the motive was culpable. Gentlemen, mistrust the pretenders to science, who search into the roots of wall-moss and white briony, and who make eye-salve with honey and cock's blood. Learn how to see clearly into lies. It is not quite accurate that Orion was born of a natural want of Jupiter; the truth is, it was Mercury who produced this star in this manner. It is not true that Adam had a navel. When St. George killed the dragon, he did not have a saint's daughter near him. St. Jerome did not have a clock upon the mantelpiece in his cabinet; in the first place, because, being in a grotto, he had no cabinet; secondly, because he had no mantelpiece; thirdly, because clocks were not then invented. Let us set things right! Let us set things right! O gentlefolks who listen to me, if any one tells you that whoever smells at the herb valerian has a lizard engendered in his brain, that in putrefaction the ox changes into bees and the horse into hornets, that man weighs more when dead than when alive, that a he-

goat's blood dissolves the emerald, that a caterpillar and a fly and a spider seen on the same tree are signs of famine and war and pestilence, that the falling-sickness is cured by means of a worm that is found in the roebuck's head—don't believe a word of it; these are errors. But here are truths: the skin of the sea-calf is a protection against the thunderbolt; the toad lives upon earth, which is the reason why a stone grows in his head; the rose of Jericho blossoms on Christmas eve; snakes cannot bear the shade of the ash-tree; the elephant has no joints, and is forced to sleep standing up, leaning against a tree; let a toad hatch a serpent-egg, and you will have a scorpion that will make you a salamander; a blind man recovers his sight by placing one hand on the left side of the altar, and the other hand over his eyes; virginity does not prevent maternity. Good people, sustain yourselves upon these proofs. Whereupon, you can believe in God after two fashions—either as thist believes in the orange, or as the donkey believes in the whip. Now, I am going to present my establishment to you.

Here a pretty heavy gust of wind shook the window-casings and shutters of the inn, which was an isolated house. This caused, as it were, a prolonged murmur up above. The orator waited for a moment, and then went on:

— Interruption. So be it. Speak, O North wind! Gentlemen, I am not annoyed. The wind is talkative, as all solitary persons are. No one keeps him company, up yonder. Therefore, he babbles. I resume my thread. You look here upon associated artists. We are four. *A lupo principium.* I begin with my friend, who is a wolf. He makes no secret of it. Look at him. He is trained, grave, and sagacious. Providence intended for a while, probably, to make of him a university doctor; but, for that, one must be something of a simpleton, and he is not. I may add that he is without prejudices, and by no means aristocratic. He keeps company with dogs—he, who, in his native woods, was their fiercest enemy. His dauphins, if there be any, probably combine with grace the yelping of their mother and the howling of their sire. For he does howl. Howling is requisite with men. He barks also, out of condescension to civilization. Magnanimous softening down! Homo is a dog made perfect. Let us respect the dog. The dog—what a comic beast!—whose sweat is on his tongue, and whose smile is in his tail. Gentlemen, Homo equals in wisdom, and surpasses in frankness, the hairless wolf of Mexico, the admirable Xolotzeniski. Let me add that he is humble. He has the modesty of a wolf, that is useful to human creatures. He is ready to help, and charitable, in a silent way. His left paw does not know the good action done by his right paw. Such are his merits. Of this other, my second friend, I will only say one word: he is a monster. You will admire him. He was formerly abandoned by pirates, on the border of the savage ocean. This one is a blind girl. Is that an exception? No. We are all blind. The miser is blind; he sees gold, and does not see wealth. The prodigal is blind; he sees the beginning, and does not see the end. The coquette is blind; she does not see her wrinkles. The scholar is blind; he does not see his ignorance. The honest man is blind; he does not see the scamp. The scamp is blind; he does not see God. For myself, I am blind; I speak, and I do not see that you are deaf. This blind girl here, who accompanies us, is a mysterious priestess. Vesta might have confided her lighted brand to her. She has spots in her character, gentle and obscure, like the intervals that open in a sheep's fleece. I believe, without affirming it, that she is a king's daughter. A laudable mistrust is the sage's attribute. As for me, I reason, and I prescribe. I think, and I dress wounds. *Chirurgus sum.* I cure fevers, miasma, and plagues. Nearly all our phlegmias and sufferings are issues, and, if well looked after, would rid us comfortably of other ills that would be worse. Notwithstanding this, I would not advise you to have an anthrax, otherwise called carbuncle. It is a foolish disorder, that does no good. People die of it; but that's all. I

am neither unlettered, nor a boor. I honor eloquence and poetry, and I live in innocent intimacy with those goddesses. Let me close with a bit of counsel. Gentlemen and gentle-women, cultivate within you, from the side whence cometh the light, virtue, modesty, probity, justice, and love. With this, every one here below may have his little pot of flowers in his window. My lords and gentlemen, I have done. The show is about to begin.

The man, a sailor probably, who was listening outside, entered into the low drinking-room of the inn, passed through it, paid the money that was asked of him, penetrated into a court-yard filled with people, perceived at the lower end of the court a caravan on wheels, wide open, and saw upon the boards an old man clad in a bear's skin, a young man who seemed to have on a mask, a blind girl, and a wolf.

— By Heaven! exclaimed he, here is an admirable set.

III.

WHEREIN THE PASSER-BY REAPPEARS.

THE Green-Box, as you have already perceived, had reached London, and was established at Southwark. Ursus had been attracted by the bowling-green, which possessed this advantage—the fair was never suspended, not even in winter.

It had been agreeable to Ursus to see the dome of St. Paul's. London, take it all in all, is a city that has some good in it. It was a bold thing to dedicate a cathedral to St. Paul. The really sainted cathedral is St. Peter's. St. Paul is suspected of imagination; and, in ecclesiastical affairs, imagination means heresy. St. Paul is only a saint with extenuating circumstances. He only entered heaven by the artists' door.

A cathedral is a symbol. St. Peter's indicates Rome, the city of dogma; St. Paul's stands for London, the city of schism.

Ursus, whose philosophy had such wide-spreading arms that it embraced every thing, was a man to appreciate these nice distinctions. His attraction to London originated perhaps in a certain preference for St. Paul.

The large court-yard of the Tadcaster Inn had determined Ursus's selection. The Green-Box seemed to have been foreseen by this yard. It was a theatre ready made. The yard was square, with buildings on three of its sides, and a wall opposite the main one, against which the Green-Box was backed. A deep wooden gallery, covered with a shed, and supported on posts, that served for entrance to the rooms on the first floor, ran along the three sides of the inner façade, with two turns at right angles. The windows of the ground-floor made lower boxes; the pavement of the yard made the pit; and the gallery made the first circle. The Green-Box, ranged against the wall, had before it this playhouse laid out. It was much like the Globe Theatre, where *Othello*, *King Lear*, and the *Tempest* were performed.

In a corner, behind the Green-Box, there was a stable.

Ursus had made his arrangements with the tavern-keeper, Master Nicless, who, in view of the respect due to the law, only admitted the wolf on his paying higher terms. The placard: *Gwynplaine—The Man Who Laughs*, unhooked from the Green-Box, had been hung up near the sign-board of the inn. The drinking-room had, you remember, an inner door that opened upon the court-yard. By the side of this door there was improvised—out of a cask split in half—a small lodge for the office-keeper, who was sometimes Fibi, sometimes Vinos. It was almost as it is nowadays. Whoever entered paid. Underneath the placard, *The Man Who Laughs*, a board, painted white, was hung from two nails. It bore, charcoaled in large letters, the title of Ursus's great piece, *Chaos Conquered*.

In the middle of the first circle, exactly opposite the Green-Box, a compartment, the principal entrance to which was through one of the windows, had been partitioned off and reserved for the nobility.

It was large enough to hold ten spectators, in two rows.

—We are in London, said Ursus. We must provide for the gentry.

He had made them furnish this box with the best chairs from the inn, and place in the centre a large arm-chair of Utrecht velvet, with gold spots of cherry pattern, in the event of some alderman's wife coming.

The performances had begun.

Very soon the crowd flocked in.

But the compartment for the grandes remained empty.

With that exception, the success was such as no mountebank's memory could parallel. All Southwark rushed in a mass to admire "The Man Who Laughs."

The merry-andrews and jugglers of the Tarrinzeau-Field were frightened at Gwynplaine. The effect was that of a hawk lighting upon a cage of gold-finches, and pecking at their seed-trough. Gwynplaine ate up their public for them.

Besides the small fry of fellows who swallowed swords and who grinned their grimaces, there were some veritable shows upon the bowling-green. There was a women's circus, resounding from morn till eve with a magnificent jingle of all sorts of instruments, psalteries, drums, rebeccs, bells, reeds, lutes, German horns, shepherds' pipes, oaten pipes, bagpipes, and flageolets. There, under a large round tent, were tumblers who are not equalled by our traversers of the Pyrenees—Dulma, Bordenave, and Meylogna—who go down from the peak of Pierrefitte to the table-land of Limaçon, which is almost the same thing as falling. There was a travelling menagerie, wherein was seen a comic tiger, that, being constantly whipped by a keeper, tried to snap at the whip and to swallow the lash. This comedian of jaw and claw was himself eclipsed.

Curiosity, applause, receipts, crowd—"The Man Who Laughs" carried all before him. It was done in the twinkling of an eye. There was nothing else but the Green-Box.

—Chaos conquered in chaos conqueror, said Ursus, taking to himself half the credit of Gwynplaine's success, and fitting the cap to himself, as they say in strolling players' jargon.

Gwynplaine's success was prodigious. Still, it remained local. Renown has trouble in crossing the water. Shakespeare's name took a hundred and thirty years to come from England into France; the water is a wall; and if Voltaire—though he much regretted it subsequently—had not made Shakespeare mount over his back, Shakespeare, at this time of day, would perhaps be on the other side of the wall, in England, imprisoned in his insular glory.

Gwynplaine's fame did not cross over London Bridge. It did not take the dimensions of a grand town echo. At least, in the first instance. But Southwark may satisfy a clown's ambition. Ursus said:—The receipt-bag, one can see, begins to enlarge greatly,

They played *Ursus Ursus*; then *Chaos Conquered*.

In the intervals, Ursus did justice to his title of *Engastri-mythe*, and manifested transcendent powers of ventriloquism. He imitated every voice that offered itself from the audience, whether in song or cry, so as to astound by its resemblance the singer or the crier himself; sometimes he reproduced the hum of the crowd; and he panted, as though he himself alone had seen a herd of people. Remarkable talents, these.

In addition, he made speeches, as you have just seen, like Cicero, sold drugs, prescribed for maladies, and even cured the ailing.

Southwark was charmed.

Ursus was satisfied with the applauses of Southwark, but he was not surprised therat.

—These are the ancient Trinobantes, said he.

And he added:

—Whom I do not confound, for refinement of taste, with the Atrabates who have peopled Berkshire, the Belgians who have inhabited Somersetshire, and the Parisians who founded York.

At each representation, the inn-yard, transformed into a pit, was filled with a tatterdemalion and enthusiastic audience. It was composed of boatmen, chairmen, shipwrights, bargemen from river barges, sailors freshly landed, and spending their pay in good cheer and among the girls. There were tall footmen, ruffians, and blackguards, the last-named being soldiers condemned for some breach of discipline to wear their red coats turned so as to show the black lining, and thence called blackguards, whence we have borrowed *blagueurs*. All this streamed from the street into the theatre, and streamed back from the theatre into the drinking-room. The emptied cans did no harm to the success.

Among the people whom it is the custom to call the scum, there was one man taller than the rest, of bigger build, stronger, less poverty-stricken, broader in the shoulders, dressed in the commonest style, but not tattered, a frantic admirer, forcing his way with his fists, hare-brained, swearing, shouting, bantering, by no means dirty, and at need giving a black eye or treating to a bottle.

This frequenter was the passer-by, whose outburst of enthusiasm was heard not long since.

The connoisseur, fascinated at once, had immediately adopted "The Man Who Laughs." He did not come to every performance. But, when he did come, he it was who drew the public on; applause was changed into acclamation; success went up—not to the frieze, for there was none, but—to the clouds of which there were some. These clouds, in fact, for lack of a ceiling, sometimes rained upon Ursus's masterpiece.

All this to such extent, that Ursus noted this man, and Gwynplaine looked at him.

He was a spirited friend, the unknown man whom they had there!

Ursus and Gwynplaine desired to make his acquaintance, or at least to know who he was.

Ursus, one evening—from the slips, that is to say, from the kitchen-door of the Green-Box—having by chance Master Nicless, the innkeeper, near him, pointed out this man amid the crowd, and asked:

- Do you know that man?
- Certainly.
- Who is he?
- A sailor.
- What's his name? said Gwynplaine, breaking in.
- Tom-Jim-Jack, replied the host.

Then, as he went down the step-ladder behind the Green-Box to reenter the inn, Master Nicless let fall this reflection, more profound than appears at first sight:

—What a pity that he isn't a lord! He would make a famous scamp!

For the rest, although installed in a public-house, the Green-Box party had in no respect modified its habits; and it maintained its isolation. With the exception of exchanging a few words now and then with the innkeeper, they did not mix themselves up with the inhabitants of the inn, permanent or transient, and they continued to live together apart.

Since they had been at Southwark, Gwynplaine had fallen into the habit—after the performance and the supper of man and horse, and when Ursus and Dea had gone to bed on their respective sides—of going out, between eleven o'clock and midnight, to breathe a little fresh air on the bowling-green. Something vague, that there is in the mind, prompts to nocturnal walks and starry saunterings. Youth is a mysterious bidding of time; that is why one walks at night, willingly though aimless. At that hour, there was no one on the fair-ground; or, at most, there was only the occasional reel of a drunken man, that made oscillating outlines in dark recesses. The empty taverns were shut; the low room of the Tadcaster Inn grew indistinct, showing scarcely in any corner a last candle lighting a last toper. A misty glimmer peered out through the casings of the inn door standing ajar; and Gwynplaine, pensive,

contented, dreaming, happy in a dim celestial bliss, walked up and down before this half-opened door. Of what was he thinking? Of Dea, of nothing, of every thing, of the measureless. He did not stray far from the inn, held back, as by a thread, in Dea's neighborhood. It was enough for him to take a few steps beyond it.

Then he went in, found all the Green-Box asleep, and went to sleep himself.

IV.

OPPOSITES FRATERNIZE IN HATE.

SUCCESS is not liked, especially by those whose fall it involves. It is seldom that the eaten adores the eater. "The Man Who Laughs" had decidedly made a sensation. The mountebanks round about were indignant. A theatrical success is a siphon; it pumps in the crowd, and makes a void elsewhere. The shop over the way is aghast. A fall in the neighboring receipts corresponded immediately, as we have observed, with the increase of the Green-Box receipts. All at once, the shows, thriving up to that time, stood still. It was like a water-mark, marking itself, in a double sense, but with perfect concordance—the rise here, the fall there. At all theatres these effects of tide are known; it is up with this one, only on condition that it is down with that one. The alien throng, that exhibited its talents and its flourish of trumpets on the surrounding boards, seeing itself ruined by "The Man Who Laughs," was in despair, but, at the same time, was dazzled. All the dotards, all the clowns, all the jugglers, envied Gwynplaine. There's a fellow lucky enough to have a wild-beast's muzzle! The female buffoons and rope-dancers, who had pretty children, eyed them angrily, as they pointed to Gwynplaine, and said: "What a pity that you haven't such a face as that!" Some of them beat their little ones, exasperated at finding them handsome. More than one, if she had known the secret, would have got up her son in the style of Gwynplaine. An angelic head, that brings in nothing, is not worth a devil's face, that is lucrative. One day, the mother of a child, that was a cherub of pretty ways and played Cupids, was heard to exclaim: "They have missed it in our children. There's only this Gwynplaine that is a hit." Then, shaking her fist at her son, she added: "If I had but your father here, I'd pick a bone with him!"

Gwynplaine was a hen that lays golden eggs. What a marvellous phenomenon! There was but this one cry in all the booths. The mountebanks, in ecstasies and exasperated, ground their teeth as they looked at Gwynplaine. Rage, that can admire, is called envy. Then it yells. They tried to break up *Chaos Conquered*, clubbed together, whistled, groaned, hissed. This was a pretext for Ursus making Hortensian harangues to the populace, and an occasion for friend Tom-Jim-Jack administering some of those fisticuffs that reestablish order. Tom-Jim-Jack's fisticuffs brought to a point Gwynplaine's notice of him and Ursus's esteem. But remotely, however; for the Green-Box party was sufficient for itself in itself, and held aloof from every thing. As for Tom-Jim-Jack, that leader of the rabble produced the effect of a sort of supreme bully, without ties, without intimacies, a breaker of windows, a ringleader among men, everybody's comrade, and nobody's companion.

This unchaining of envy against Gwynplaine was not inclined to give it up, for a few slaps in the face from Tom-Jim-Jack. The hisses having miscarried, the mountebanks of the Tarrinzeau-Field got up a petition. They addressed themselves to the authorities. That is the customary progression. Against a success that annoys us, we first raise a mob, and then crave aid from the magistracy.

The clergy united with the jugglers. "The Man Who Laughs" had proved a blow at preaching. The void was not made in the booths alone, but in the churches. The chapels in the five parishes of Southwark had no more congregations. They forsook the sermon, to go to Gwynplaine. *Chaos Con-*

quered, the Green-Box, "The Man Who Laughs," all these abominations of Baal carried the day against pulpit eloquence. The voice that cries in the desert, *ex clamantis in deserto*, is not well pleased, and willingly adjures the government. The pastors of the five parishes complained to the Bishop of London, who complained to her Majesty.

The appeal of the mountebanks was based upon religion. They declared it outraged. They pointed out Gwynplaine as a sorcerer, and Ursus as impious.

The clergy, on their part, invoked social order. They laid great stress upon the violated acts of Parliament, leaving orthodoxy aside. This was more malevolent; for it was then the epoch of Mr. Locke—dead scarcely six months, on the 28th of October, 1704—and the skepticism was beginning that Bolingbroke was to breathe into Voltaire. At a later period Wesley was to restore the Bible, as Loyola restored the papacy.

In this manner the Green-Box was battered in breach on two sides—by the mountebanks in the name of the Pentateuch, by the chaplains in the name of police regulations. On one side Heaven, on the other side the department of public ways—the clergy holding for the department, and the buffoons for Heaven. The Green-Box was denounced by the priests as a nuisance, and by the merry-andrews as a sacrilege.

Was there any pretext in it? Did it expose itself? Yes. What was its offence? This: it possessed a wolf. In England, a wolf is an outlaw. The dog—let him be; the wolf—no. England recognizes the dog that barks, and not the dog that howls—nice distinction between the back-yard and the forest. The rectors and vicars of the five Southwark parishes recalled, in their application, the numerous royal and parliamentary decrees that put the wolf beyond the pale of law. They asked for some such conclusion as the imprisonment of Gwynplaine, and the putting the wolf in the pound, or at least his ejection. Question of public interest, risk for passers-by, etc. And, thereupon, they appealed to the faculty. They cited the verdict of the College of Eighty Physicians of London, a learned body that dates from Henry VIII., that has its seal as the state has, that elevates the sick to the dignity of being amenable to their tribunal, that has the right to imprison those who infringe its laws and contravene its ordinances, and that, among other authentications useful to the citizens' health, has put beyond doubt this fact, deduced from science: If a wolf sees a man first, the man becomes hoarse for life. Furthermore, one may be bitten.

Homo, therefore, was the pretext.

Ursus had wind of these plots through the innkeeper. He was uneasy. He dreaded those two claws, police and justice. To be afraid of the magistrates, it is sufficient to be afraid; there is no need to be culpable. Ursus had little desire for contact with sheriffs, provosts, bailiffs, and coroners. His ardor to come face to face with these officials was null. He had just about as much curiosity to see the magistrates, as the hare to see the pointer.

He began to regret having come to London.

—Leave well alone, murmured he, aside. I thought the proverb was discredited. I was wrong. Foolish truths are the true truths.

Against the coalition of so many powers—mountebanks taking in hand the cause of religion, chaplains vexing wrath in the name of medicine—the poor Green-Box, suspected of sorcery in Gwynplaine and of hydrophobia in Homo, had on its side but one thing only, though that is a great power in England, municipal inertness. It is from local leaving alone that English liberty took its rise. Liberty, in England, demeans itself like the sea around England. It is a tide. Little by little, customs overtop the laws. A fearful legislation engulfed, usage uppermost, a ferocious code still visible through the transparency of immense freedom—that is England.

"The Man Who Laughs," *Chaos Conquered*, and Homo might have against them the jugglers, the preachers, the bishops, the

House of Commons, the Chamber of Peers, her Majesty, and London, and all England—and remain tranquil—so long as Southwark was for them. The Green-Box was the favorite amusement of the suburb, and the local authority seemed to be indifferent. In England, indifference is protection. So long as the sheriff of the county of Surrey, under whose jurisdiction was Southwark, did not budge, Ursus breathed, and Homo might be supine about his pair of wolf's ears.

On condition that they did not end in the thumb-screw, these hatreds were aids to success. The Green-Box, for the moment, was none the worse. On the contrary. It transpired in the public that there were intrigues going on. "The Man Who Laughs" became all the more popular. The crowd has a keen nose for things denounced, and takes them in good part. To be suspected is a recommendation. The people adopt, by instinct, what the index threatens. The thing denounced is the beginning of forbidden fruit; they make haste to bite of it. And then, applause that teases some one, especially when that some one is an authority, has its charm. It is pleasant, in passing an evening agreeably, to manifest your sympathy with the oppressed, and opposition to the oppressor. You protect, in the act of amusing yourself. Let us add that the theatrical booths of the Bowling-Green continued to hiss and to cabal against "The Man Who Laughs." Nothing better for success. Enemies make a noise; that is efficacious in sharpening and brightening up a triumph. A friend sooner wearies of praising, than an enemy of abusing. To abuse is not to harm; and this is what enemies do not know. They cannot refrain from insulting, and therein is their usefulness. They have that impossibility of remaining silent, which keeps public attention awake. The crowd grew larger at *Chaos Conquered*.

Ursus kept to himself what Master Nicless told him of the intrigues and complaints in high places, and did not speak of them to Gwynplaine, so as not to trouble, by preoccupation, the requisite composure of his performances.

If ill came of them, it would be known soon enough.

V.

THE WAPENTAKE.

ONCE, however, he thought he ought to deviate from this prudence, for prudence' sake, and deemed it of advantage to try to make Gwynplaine uneasy. True it was, that Ursus was occupied in his mind with far more important matters than the intrigues of the fair or of the church. Gwynplaine, on picking up a farthing that had fallen to the ground when he was counting up the receipts, had set himself to looking at it closely, and had drawn a contrast, in the presence of the innkeeper, between the farthing representing the wretchedness of the people, and the image representing, under the form of Anne, the parasitical magnificence of the throne—a remark sounding badly; and this remark, repeated by Master Nicless, had gone so far that it had come back to Ursus through Fibi and Vinos. Ursus was in a fever about it. Seditious words. High-treason. He rudely admonished Gwynplaine.

—Keep a watch on your abominable jaw. There is one rule for the great—to do nothing; and one rule for the small—to say nothing. The poor have but one friend, silence. They should use but one monosyllable: Yes. To confess and to concede—this is all the right they have. Yes, to the judge. Yes, to the king: The great, if it so please them, give us blows with a stick; I have had them; it is their prerogative, and they lose nothing of their greatness in cracking our bones; the osprey* is a kind of eagle. Let us worship the sceptre, which is the first among sticks. Respect is prudence, and humility is egotism. He who insults his king places himself in the same peril with the girl rashly cutting the lion's mane. They tell me that you have been gabbling about a farthing,

and that you have spoken contemptuously of this coin, by means of which we buy at market the half-quarter of a salt herring. Take care. Become serious. Learn that there are punishments. Acquaint yourself with the stern facts of legislation. You are in a country where he who cuts down a little tree three years old is quietly led to the gallows. Profane swearers are set with their feet in the stocks. The drunkard is secured in a hogshead, with the bottom knocked out so that he can walk, with a hole in the top for his head to come through, and two holes in the side for his hands to come through, so that he cannot lie down. Whoever strikes any one in Westminster Hall is imprisoned for life, and his goods are confiscated. Whoever strikes any one in the king's palace has his right hand cut off. A fillip that makes the nose bleed, and there you are with but one hand. He who is convicted of heresy in the Bishop's Court is burned alive. It was for no grave matter that Cuthbert Simpson was stretched upon the rack. Within three years, in 1702—it was not long ago, as you see—they put in the pillory a wretch named Daniel Defoe, who had had the audacity to print the names of the members of the Commons who had spoken the evening before in Parliament. He who is a felon to her Majesty is ripped open alive, and they tear out his heart, with which they buffet him on the cheeks. Teach yourself these notions of right and justice. Never allow yourself a word; and, at the least disturbance of the peace, run away. This is the bravery that I practise, and that I advise. In temerity, imitate the birds; and in idle talking, imitate the fish. In short, there is this to admire in England, that her code is exceedingly mild.

His admonition having been given, Ursus was for some time uneasy; Gwynplaine was not at all so. The fearlessness of youth consists in a lack of experience. Nevertheless, it seemed that Gwynplaine had been right in being unconcerned, for weeks passed away quietly, and it did not appear that his remark about the queen had led to any results.

Ursus, it is known, was wanting in indifference, and, like the deer on the lookout, was watchful on all sides.

One day, a little while after his remonstrance with Gwynplaine, in gazing from the window which afforded a view out of doors, Ursus turned pale.

- Gwynplaine, said he.
- What is it?
- Look!
- Where?
- In the square.
- What then?
- Do you see that man passing by?
- The man in black?
- Yes.
- Who has a sort of mace in his clinched hand?
- Yes.
- Well?
- Well, Gwynplaine, that man is the wapentake.
- What is the wapentake?
- He is the bailiff of the hundred; the *propositus hundredi*.
- What is the *propositus hundredi*?
- He is a terrible officer.
- What is it that he has in his hand?
- It is the iron weapon.
- What is the iron weapon?
- It is a thing of iron.
- What does he do with it?
- First of all, he takes the oath of office upon it. And this is why he is called the wapentake.
- What more?
- What more is that he touches you with it.
- With what?
- With the iron weapon.
- The wapentake touches you with the iron weapon?
- Yes.

* [Notes by the Translator.—Victor Hugo here puns upon the word *osprey*, which has the double meaning of bone-breaking and the bird osprey. The point is lost in the translation.]

— What does that mean ?
 — It means, follow me.
 — And must you follow him ?
 — Yes.
 — Where ?
 — How do I know ?
 — But he tells you where he is going to take you ?
 — No.
 — But you have the right to ask him ?
 — No.
 — How is this ?
 — He says nothing to you, and you say nothing to him.
 — But . . .
 — He touches you with the iron weapon ; that's all. You must march.
 — But where ?
 — Behind him.
 — But where ?
 — Where he pleases, Gwynplaine.
 — And if one resists ?
 — One is hanged.

Ursus withdrew his head from the window, breathed freely, and said :

— Thank God, he is gone ! It was not to our house that he was coming.

Ursus was probably unreasonably alarmed at the indiscretion and possible complications of Gwynplaine's careless remarks.

Master Nicless, who had heard them, had no motive for compromising the poor devils of the Green-Box. He made indirectly a little fortune out of "The Man Who Laughs." *Chaos Conquered* had two successes ; at the same time that it wrought a triumph of art in the Green-Box, it made drunkenness flourish at the inn.

VI.

THE MICE CROSS-EXAMINED BY THE CATS.

URSUS had yet another alarm sufficiently terrifying. This time it was he himself who was in question. He was summoned to Bishopsgate, before a commission composed of three disagreeable visages. These three visages were three doctors, overseers duly qualified. One was a doctor of theology, delegated by the Dean of Westminster ; another was a doctor of medicine, delegated by the College of Eighty ; the third was a doctor of history and civil law, delegated by Gresham College. These three experts in *omni re scibili* had jurisdiction concerning words spoken in public in the whole territory of the one hundred and thirty parishes of London, the seventy-three of Middlesex, and, by enlargement, of the five of Southwark. These theological jurisdictions yet exist in England, and were usefully severe on the 23d of September, 1868. By sentence of the Court of Arches, confirmed by a decree of the Lords of the Privy Council, the Reverend Mackonochie was reprimanded, with costs, for lighting candles on a table. The liturgy does not trifle.

Ursus, then, one fine day, received from these delegated doctors an order for his appearance, which, fortunately, was placed in his own hands, and which he could keep secret. He went, without saying a word, in obedience to the summons, trembling at the idea that he might be considered, to a certain extent, as giving occasion for being suspected of having been, perhaps, in a measure, rash. He who so much recommended silence to others had received here a sharp lesson. *Garrule, sana te ipsum.*

The three doctors, overseers and delegates, were seated, at Bishopsgate, at the end of a hall on the ground-floor, on three arm-chairs in black leather, with the three busts of Minos, Aeacus, and Rhadamanthus, above their heads against the wall, a table before them, and at their feet a stool for the accused.

Ursus, introduced by a quiet and stern usher, entered,

took a look at them, and upon the instant gave to each one of them, mentally, the name of the infernal judge that was over his head.

Minos, the first of the three, the overseer of Theology, made a sign to him to seat himself on the stool.

Ursus bowed in a proper manner, that is to say, down to the ground, and, knowing that you may charm bears with honey and doctors with Latin, said, remaining half bent over in homage :

Tres faciunt capitulum.

And with his head lowered—for humility disarms—he seated himself on the stool.

Each of the three doctors had before him on the table a bundle of papers, of which he turned over the leaves.

Minos began :

— You speak in public ?
 — Yes, replied Ursus.
 — By what right ?
 — I am a philosopher.
 — That is no right.
 — I am also a juggler, said Ursus.
 — That's another thing.

Ursus breathed, but humbly. Minos resumed :

— As a juggler, you may speak ; but as a philosopher, you should hold your tongue.

— I will try, said Ursus.

And then he thought to himself—I may speak, but I ought to hold my tongue. Puzzle.

He was very much frightened.

The overseer on behalf of Heaven continued :

— You say things that sound badly. You insult religion. You deny the most palpable truths. You propagate revolting errors. For instance, you have said that virginity precludes maternity.

Ursus meekly raised his eyes.

— I did not say that. I said that maternity precluded virginity.

Minos was thoughtful, and growled :

— In fact, this is the contrary.
 It is the same thing. But Ursus had parried the first blow.

Minos, thinking over the reply of Ursus, sank into the depths of his own stupidity, and this produced silence.

The overseer of History, he who to Ursus was Rhadamanthus, covered the defeat of Minos with this challenge :

— Accused, your audacities and your errors are of all kinds. You have denied that the battle of Pharsalia was lost, because Brutus and Cassius encountered a negro.

— I said, replied Ursus, in a low voice, that another cause of it was that Cæsar was the better captain.

The man of history passed abruptly to mythology.

— You have excused the infamies of Actæon.

— I think, suggested Ursus, that a man is not dishonored by having seen the beauty of a woman.

Rhadamanthus came back to history.

— Talking of accidents happening to the cavalry of Mithridates, you have contested the virtues of plants and herbs. You have denied that an herb like the *securiduca* would cause a horse's shoes to fall off.

— I beg pardon, replied Ursus, I said that this was only possible with the herb *serra-cavalla*. I did not deny the virtue of any herb.

And he added in a lower tone :

— Nor of any woman.

By this little extra flourish to his answer, Ursus had satisfied himself that, agitated as he was, he had not been unhorsed. Ursus was made up of fright and presence of mind.

— I insist, resumed Rhadamanthus, you have declared it was a folly in Scipio, when he would open the gates of Carthage, to take for a key the herb *athropis*, because the herb *athropis* has not the property of breaking locks.

— I simply said that he had much better have made use of the herb *lunaria*.

— That is an opinion, murmured Rhadamanthus, hit in turn.

And the man of history was silent.

The man of theology, Minos, having recovered himself, questioned Ursus again. He had had time to consult his bundle of notes.

— You have classed orpiment with arsenical products, and you have said that you might poison with orpiment. The Bible denies it.

— The Bible denies it, sighed Ursus, but arsenic affirms it.

The personage in whom Ursus had seen Aeacus, who was the overseer of Medicine, and who had not as yet spoken, interposed, and, with his eyes arrogantly half-opened, from his lofty height, came to the support of Ursus. He said:

— The answer is not inapt.

Ursus thanked him with a smile of the deepest abasement.

Minos made a frightful grimace.

— I continue, resumed Minos. Answer. You have said that it was false that the basilisk was the king of serpents under the name of cockatrice.

— Most reverend, said Ursus, I had so little desire to injure the basilisk, that I said it was certain that he had the head of a man.

— Be it so, replied Minos sternly; but you have added that Poerius had seen one that had the head of a falcon. Could you prove it?

— With difficulty, said Ursus.

Here he lost a little ground.

Minos, seizing again the advantage, pushed him hard.

— You have said that a Jew, who became a Christian, did not smell well.

— But I added that a Christian, who became a Jew, stank.

Minos cast a threatening look on the bundle.

— You affirm and propagate matters that have not the air of truth. You have said that Elien had seen an elephant write maxims.

— Not so, most reverend. I simply said that Oppien had heard a hippopotamus discuss a philosophical problem.

— You have declared that it is not true that a beech-wood plate would, of itself, cover itself with any viand that might be desired.

— I have said that, in order that it should possess this virtue, it must have been given to you by the devil.

— Given to me!

— No; to me, reverend sir! No; to anybody, to all the world.

And, aside, Ursus thought: I no longer know what I am saying. But his anxiety, though extreme, was not outwardly too discernible. Ursus struggled.

— All this, replied Minos, implies a certain belief in the devil.

Ursus stuck to it.

— Most reverend, I am not impious to the devil. Belief in the devil is the converse of belief in God. The one proves the other. He who does not believe a little in the devil does not believe much in God. He who believes in the sun must believe in the shadow. The devil is the night of God. What is night? The proof of day.

Ursus improvised here an incomprehensible mixture of philosophy and religion. Minos again became thoughtful, and took another plunge into silence.

Ursus breathed again.

A sharp attack followed. Aeacus, the delegate of Medicine, who had just defended Ursus disdainfully against the overseer of Theology, suddenly became the ally of his assailant. He brought his clinched fist down upon the bundle, which was thick and well packed; and Ursus received from him, full in the face, this apostrophe:

— It is proved that crystal is refined ice, and that the diamond is refined crystal; it is asserted that ice becomes crystal in a thousand years, and that crystal becomes diamond in a thousand centuries. You have denied it.

— No, replied Ursus, dejectedly. I have only said that in a thousand years the ice had time to melt, and a thousand centuries it was not easy to compute.

The cross-examination went on, the questions and answers sounding like a clash of swords.

— You have denied that the plants can speak.

— Not at all. But for this they should be under a gallows.

— Do you assert that the mandragora cries?

— No, but it sings.

— You have denied that the fourth finger of the left hand had a sovereign virtue.

— I only said that sneezing to the left was an unlucky sign.

— You have spoken rashly and disparagingly of the phoenix.

— Learned judge, I have simply said that, when he wrote that the brain of the phoenix was a delicate morsel, but caused the headache, Plutarch went too far, seeing that the phoenix never existed.

— Abominable language! The cinnamon-bird, that makes its nest with sticks of cinnamon, the *rhintace* that Parysatis used in her poisonings, the *manucodiata*, which is the bird of paradise, and the *semenda*, which has a bill with three tubes, have improperly passed for the phoenix; but the phoenix has existed.

— I do not contest it.

— You are a donkey.

— I do not pretend to be any thing better.

— You have admitted that the elder cures the quinsy, but you have added that it was not because it had in its root a fairy excrecence.

— I said it was because Judas had hanged himself upon an elder.

— Plausible opinion, muttered the theologian, Minos, satisfied with giving his pin-thrust to the doctor, Aeacus.

Pride, ruffled, immediately becomes anger. Aeacus was enraged.

— Strolling fellow, you go astray as much with your mind as with your feet. You have suspicious and surprising proclivities. You walk on the very verge of sorcery. You are in correspondence with unknown animals. You speak to the rabble of matters that exist for yourself alone, and which are of a nature not understood, such as the *hemorrhoidis*.

— The *hemorrhoidis* is a viper that was seen by Tremellius.

This retort produced a certain confusion in the irritated science of the doctor Aeacus.

Ursus added:

— The *hemorrhoidis* is altogether as real as the strong-smelling hyena, and the civet described by Castellus.

Aeacus recovered himself by a home-thrust.

— Here is the text of your most diabolical language. Listen. His eye upon the notes, Aeacus read:

— “Two plants, the *thalagassile* and the *aglapotis*, are luminous in the evening. Flowers by day, stars by night.”

And, looking fixedly at Ursus:

— What have you to say?

Ursus replied:

— Every plant is a lamp. Perfume is light.

Aeacus turned over some pages.

— You have denied that the vesicles of the seal were the same thing as the castor-bean.

— I contented myself with saying that we must distrust Actius on that point.

Aeacus became ungovernable.

— You practise medicine.

— I practise myself in medicine, timidly sighed Ursus.

— On the living?

— Rather more than on the dead, said Ursus.

Ursus retorted with firmness, but with self-abasement—admirable mixture wherein suavity predominated. He spoke, indeed, with so much sweetness that the Doctor Aeacus felt the necessity of insulting him.

— What do you mean by cooing us in this way? said he, savagely.

Ursus was aghast, and contented himself with replying:

— Cooing is for the young, and groaning is for the old. Alas! I groan.

Aeacus rejoined:

— Be warned of this; if a sick man is attended by you, and he dies, you will be punished with death.

Ursus hazarded a question:

— And if he is cured?

— In that case, replied the doctor, softening his tone, you will be punished with death.

— There's little difference, said Ursus.

The doctor answered:

— If there is a death, we punish the stupidity; if there is a cure, we punish the presumption. The gallows in both cases.

— I was ignorant of this little matter, said Ursus, in an undertone. I thank you for teaching it to me. One does not know all the beauties of legislation.

— Mind what you are about.

— Religiously, said Ursus.

— We know what you are doing.

— For myself, thought Ursus, I don't always know it.

— We could send you to jail.

— I have some inkling of that, my lords.

— You cannot deny your misdeeds and your transgressions.

— My philosophy begs pardon.

— They accuse you of insolence.

— They are enormously in error.

— They say that you cure the sick.

— I am the victim of calumnies.

The triple pair of horrible eyebrows bent upon Ursus became knit; the three learned faces came together and whispered. Ursus had a vision of a fool's-cap indistinctly outlining itself above these three heads in authority. The confidential and privileged grumbling of the trio lasted several minutes, during which time Ursus felt all the freezings and all the burnings of anguish. At last, Minos, who was the presiding officer, turned toward him, and said to him, in a furious tone:

— Be off with you!

Ursus had in some degree the sensation of Jonah, as he came out of the whale's belly.

Minos continued:

— You are discharged.

Ursus said to himself:

— Catch me at it again! Good-by, Medicine!

And he added, in his inner conscience:

— Hereafter, I shall carefully leave people to die like brutes.

Bent double, he bowed to every thing, the doctors, the busts, the table, and the walls, and moved toward the door backward, disappearing like a shadow that vanishes away.

He left the hall slowly—like an honest man, and the street rapidly—like a culprit. The officers of justice have so peculiar and mysterious an address, that even the acquitted avoid them.

In full flight, he grumbled:

— I had a narrow escape of it. I am the wild man of learning; they are the domesticated men of learning. The doctors are a plague to the learned. False science is the excrement of the true; and its function is the destruction of philosophers. The philosophers, in producing the sophists, produce their own ruin. Of the droppings of the thrush is born the mistletoe, of which they make the birdlime, with which they catch the thrush.

We have not set up Ursus as a nice man. He had the effrontery to use words that conveyed his meaning. He had no more taste than Voltaire.

Ursus returned to the Green-Box—told Master Nicless that he had been belated by following a pretty woman—and breathed not a word of his adventure.

Only, that evening, he said in low tone to Homo:

— Know this. I have vanquished the three heads of Cerberus.

WONDERS OF THE HEART'S ACTION.

BY DR. MICHAEL FOSTER.

IV.

IT NEVER "BEGINS" TO BEAT.

WHEN a physiologist, in his search after the hidden cause of some secret motion, finds a ganglion, he cries, "Eureka!" and generally folds his hands as if his work were done. In the case of the heart, however, we may venture to go a little further, and ask the question, In what way, or by what means, are the ganglia the cause of the heart's spontaneous beat? Is it that a stimulus, a disturbance, periodically arises in the substance of the potent, active nerve-cells, and then hurries down to the muscular fibre as a nervous impulse causing it to contract? Or, is it that the stimulus arises in the substance of the muscular fibre, or, if you will, that, like the cilia, the heart-fibres periodically overflow with energy, and burst out in action of their own accord from time to time, but that a conjunction with nerve-cells is, in some way or other, necessary for the well-being and perfect work of the muscle, such as would insure the periodical rise of a stimulus or overflow of energy?

The first view is the one most generally adopted by physiologists, and the one which fits in most easily with our ordinary conceptions. Nevertheless there are some facts which make me rather cling to the second of these two hypotheses. The lower two-thirds of the ventricle has, as I said, no power of spontaneous pulsation. In this it resembles ordinary muscle; and yet the bit of heart is something more than ordinary muscle. For if you apply to it the interrupted galvanic current, it will not, like an ordinary muscle, be thrown into a single prolonged spasm of contraction, lasting so long as the current continues to act, but will begin a rhythmic beat, at first somewhat irregularly; afterward with very considerable regularity, beat and pause alternately in due order, so long as the current is applied. It would seem, then, that there was in this bit of ventricle what there is not in ordinary muscle, some mechanism, some provision for the rhythmic beat, a mechanism which requires, however, to be set going, and to be kept going by the galvanic current. In the whole ventricle, or the whole heart, we may imagine the mechanism set going, and kept going by the nerve-cells. In either case, whichever of the two hypotheses we adopt, whether we imagine the cause of the rhythmic beat to be seated wholly in the ganglia or partly in the muscle, the cause itself is not any outward thing, but is fixed in the structures themselves, is part and parcel of their very life.

The stimulus, if we would still continue to use the word, is an outcome of that molecular travail of the heart which we call its nutrition. One might naturally suppose that particular factors of nutrition, certain special chemical or physical changes, might have this power allotted to them. It has been suggested, for instance, that a stimulus is afforded by the heaping up of decomposable oxygen-needing substances, which in turn are decomposed, oxidized, or otherwise got rid of by the action of contraction. All such secondary explanations, however, have hitherto been found wanting when carefully tested. All we can say at the present time, at all events, is, the heart grows, is nourished in such a way, the movements of its molecules, as they ascend and descend the ladder of life, are such that, from time to time, the heart falls into a contraction and gives a beat. That is one fact to which I wish to call your attention—the deeply-rooted and complex nature of the heart's beat. The heart beats of itself, its spring of action is within itself.

We have taken the frog's heart as our example, but the conclusion holds good of all hearts whatsoever. Another fact, no less important, is, that notwithstanding this, or rather we should say, perhaps, because of this, the beat of the heart is influenced by things outside it, in its character, its form, its rate, its force, in countless ways, and to every degree.

Out of the body you see this tortoise's heart has been beating, and now is beating with a steady stroke, gradually waning in force and scope, and lessening in speed as it continues to encroach on its store of garnered stuff.

Yet even out of the body it may be influenced in divers ways. I can tell by the way in which it is now beating, steady though its stroke is, that it feels both the increased temperature of this room, and the augmenting impurity of the air. And you can see that, by slightly warming the little basin in which it is placed, I can at once alter exceedingly the character and rhythm of the stroke, and make the heart palpitate instead of beat. Were I to apply cold instead of warmth, another, a different modification would result. Were I to apply a galvanic current, according to the position of my electrodes, and according to the strength of current I applied, I might make it beat quick or slow, weak or strong, or might stop it altogether.

Out of the body, then, the heart is subject to manifold influences. Within the body, it is so sensitive to change, that it becomes the index of the body's state. The doctor feels the pulse to know how the patient is. I can do no more than briefly indicate a few of the ways by which the heart may be affected. It may be affected through the nerves. I spoke of the frog having only one pair of nerves going to the heart. Our own hearts have at least two. Impulses travelling along one of them (the so-called *pneumogastric*) toward the heart make it beat slow, or stop it altogether. Such impulses, so travelling, are part of the mechanism of fainting. Along the other kind of nerve (the so-called *sympathetic* branches) impulses, originated by whatever means, end in a quickening of the beat. They make the heart palpitate.

The heart may be affected by physical changes: the mere stretching of its walls, the mere distention of its cavities, modifies the inner swing of the muscular molecules, and hurries on a beat which otherwise would have taken a longer time in coming. This effect of stretching may be beautifully seen in the tender, delicate hearts of mollusks, as, for instance, in that of the common snail. The heart of a frog, or of a mammal, is choked when you tie up its vessels. Not so the snail's heart. By tying its aorta you do no more than put the walls of the heart on the stretch, and the result is a marked increase in the force and rate of the beat. Although the filling of the heart's cavities with blood cannot, as we have seen, be regarded as the essential cause of the beat, we must not forget that the inrush of fluid may be a supplementary cause, and may especially contribute to bring about the stroke of the ventricle, or auricle, just when it is wanted, namely, when the cavity is full.

The heart's beat may be affected by chemical means. What we call its nutrition is just a crowd of chemical action and reactions, and any strange reagent, thrown into the laboratory, will tell in some way or other. As the blood courses through the capillaries of the heart's flesh, the material of the fibre feels the presence in the blood of strange things, such as alcohol or poisons, or the elements of maladies, just as it feels the richness or poverty of the blood in the ordinary stuff needed for nutrition, and the beat is altered to match.

All these things, all these causes and changes, act upon the heart, not directly, as a stimulus acts directly on an ordinary muscle, but indirectly, by modifying, in ways to us at present obscure enough, the natural order of its molecular changes. If I might be permitted the use of a mathematical illustration, I would venture to speak of the beat of the heart as some power, say the n th power of ordinary muscular contraction, the value of n being determined by the personal energy of the heart's nutritive processes. The effect of every thing that touches the

heart is multiplied by the intensity of the heart's own changes. Hence it is that it is so sensitive—so true and quick an index of the body's state. Hence, also, it is that it never wears. Let me remind you of the work done by our hearts in a day. A man's total outward work, his whole effect upon the world, in twenty-four hours, has been reckoned at about three hundred and fifty foot-tons. That may be taken as a good "hard day's work." During the same time, the heart has been working at the rate of one hundred and twenty foot-tons. That is to say, if all the pulses of a day and night could be concentrated and welded into one great throb, that throb would be enough to throw a ton of iron one hundred and twenty feet into the air. And yet the heart is never weary.

Many of us are tired after but feeble labors; few of us can hold a poker out at arm's length without, after a few minutes, dropping it. But a healthy heart, and many an unsound heart, too—though sometimes you can tell in the evening, by its stroke, that it has been vexed during the day, that it has been thrown off its balance by the turmoils and worries of life—goes on beating through the night while we are asleep, and, when we awake in the morning, we find it at work, fresh as if it had only just begun to beat. It does this because upon each stroke of work there follows a period, a brief but a real period, of rest; because the next stroke which comes is but the natural sequence of that rest, and made to match it; because, in fact, each beat is, in force, in scope, in character, in every thing, the simple expression of the heart's own energy and state.

In the heart, then, we find—what we also found in the ciliate cell and in the protoplasmic corpuscle—an organ enjoying spontaneous movement, whose spring of action is within itself, the outcome of its own internal molecular changes. Like those of cilia, the movements of the heart are directed to some special end—in its case, to carry blood throughout the body. Unlike that of cilia, this purpose is grandly complex. The heart has to adapt itself to all the shifting moods of all parts of the body of which it is a member, and hence, infinitely more than are cilia, is it subject to countless influences from within and from without. And yet the heart is a muscle, having a definite muscular structure, like that of an ordinary muscle.

In work, it stands midway between protoplasm and muscle. The waves of its contractions move along its fibres in one direction only. It has lost the all-sidedness of protoplasm. But, unlike ordinary muscle, it retains the spontaneity of protoplasm. Corresponding to this quality of work may be noticed certain characters of structure. Though the heart is composed of striated fibres, its fibres are more cell-like than those of ordinary muscle. Striations are not so well marked—indeed, are often exceedingly obscure; the flexible, elastic fibre-sheath (the so-called *sarcolemma*) is absent; the substance of the fibre is often granular. In fact, in many respects, the muscular tissue of the heart, compared with ordinary muscular tissue, still retains many of its primordial protoplasmic features.

The essential unity of the rhythmic beat of the heart, and the ameboid movement of protoplasm, are well shown by the history of the new-born heart. In the chick growing within the egg the heart begins to beat very early, while as yet it is built up of nothing but protoplasmic cells.

Many authors, over-jealous, as it seems to me, for the prerogative of nerve-cells, find satisfaction in affirming that these constituent cells of the young heart, though apparently alike in structure, are various, some being potentially nerve-cells, others potentially muscle. To my mind, each and every cell is not only potentially but actually both nerve and muscle. So long as they are still cells, that is, still tiny masses of untransformed protoplasm, each enjoys all the powers of life. What befalls them afterward is not gain, but limitation and loss. Some cells lose the power to move, and so become nerve-cells; other cells lose (to a great extent, at least) the power to originate impulses, and so become muscular.

Very interesting is it to watch how the slow, irregular, drawing movements of the primordial protoplasm are gradually transformed and gathered up into the sharp, short stroke of the heart's beat. We speak, in common language, of the heart of the chick as beginning to beat on the second or third day of incubation. It is then that its beat becomes obvious to our senses as a beat. But, in reality, it never does *begin* to beat. There is no sharp line of demarcation between the protoplasmic crawl and the true rhythmic spasm; the one, little by little, merges into the other. To borrow an illustration from music, it might naturally be imagined that the matter took place in this wise: We might fancy that the tiny cells were marshalled in their places round the cavity of the heart, as musicians are marshalled in an orchestra, fully equipped with powers of rhythmic pulsation, but quiet and inactive; and then, that at a wave of the wand of the great conductor, at the moment when a fuller life was breathed into every cell, all struck up in unison the first heart-beat. We might fancy, I say, that this was how the first stroke was wrought. But it is not so. To gain a truer image of the process, we must think of ourselves as listening with eagerness, a long way off, to a multitude of performers assembling together, each playing on the same instrument, but playing in a different way, though all trying to learn the same tune, and all gradually drawing near to us. As we listen to them with stretched ear, coming nearer and nearer; and, as at each moment more and more performers fall into the one proper tune, the initial discordant noise, as it gathers in intensity, also gradually puts on a definite form, and at last there comes a moment when we say, "Now I hear them! now they have the tune!" So it is with the growing heart. Looking at it earnestly with the microscope, we may fancy ourselves witnesses of how the cells, as they assemble together, little by little exchange the all-sided flow of protoplasm for the limited throb of a muscular contraction, gaining in force what they lose in form. And so there will come a moment when we can say, "Now I can see it beat;" though, in reality, it has been beating a long time before.

THE WEEHAWKEN DUELING-GROUND.

BY JAMES GRANT WILSON.

FEW strangers came to New York fifty years ago without visiting the celebrated duelling-ground on the romantic bank of the Hudson, about two miles above the Hoboken Ferry. It was a grassy ledge, or shelf, about twenty feet above the water, and only sufficiently large for the fatal encounters that frequently occurred there in the old duelling days, being about two yards wide, by twelve in length. From this celebrated spot there was a natural and almost regular flight of steps to the edge of the rocky shore where a landing was effected. This singularly-isolated and secluded spot was reached by small boats, being inaccessible to foot-passengers along the shore, except at very low tide. No path led to it from the picturesque heights of Weehawken, whose beauties have been sung by Halleck, and are familiar to all New-Yorkers; but the ground was sometimes reached from above by adventurous persons who descended the steep, rough, and wooded declivity.

It was to this spot that the fiery Tybalt resorted for the settlement of difficulties according to the "code of honor," prevailing at the beginning of the nineteenth century. These single combats were, chiefly by reason of the inflamed state of political feeling, of frequent occurrence, and very seldom ending without bloodshed. Here occurred the meetings referred to by Byron, when he says:

"It is a strange quick jar upon the ear,
That cocking of a pistol, when you know
A moment more will bring the sight to bear
Upon your person, twelve yards off, or so:
A gentlemanly distance, not too near,
If you have got a former friend for foe;

But, after being fired at once or twice,
The ear becomes more Irish and less nice."

It was at the Weehawken Duelling-Ground that Philip Hamilton, at the age of twenty, was killed, November 23, 1801, in an "affair of honor," by George J. Eacker, like his victim, a promising young lawyer of New York; it was here, in the year following, that Mr. Bird was shot through the heart, and, springing up nearly ten feet, fell dead; here Ben Price was killed by a Captain Green, of the British army; and it was in this justly-celebrated spot that Alexander Hamilton fell, on the morning of July 11, 1804, on the very spot where his eldest son had been killed. Several months after the duel, the St. Andrew's Society of New York, of which the lamented patriot had been the president, erected upon the ground a marble monument, and surrounded it with an iron railing. Every summer thousands of strangers visited the spot. As the years glided past, the railing was torn down by vandal hands, and the whole structure gradually removed, piece by piece, as souvenirs, till at length no vestige of it remained. Two granite blocks, inscribed with the names of Burr and Hamilton, deeply cut in the stone, and the former dated 1804, marked the spots where they stood face to face on that fatal July morning, sixty-five years ago.

A few summers since, the writer visited the romantic and secluded spot, in company with one who was well acquainted with all the actors in the tragedy, and who pointed out the positions of the principals, and the old cedar-tree under which Hamilton stood, while the seconds, Judge Pendleton and William P. Van Ness, were arranging the preliminaries, and Dr. David Hosack, Mr. Davis, and the boatmen, sat in the boats, awaiting the result of the duel which ended so tragically. Perhaps, since the world began, no hostile meeting in an "affair of honor" ever created such an excitement—certainly no one that has occurred in this country—as the deadly encounter between Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton.

On a bright May morning of the present year we revisited the ancient duelling-ground; but, alas, it had been swept out of existence by that "villainous alteration miscalled *improvement*." Nothing remains to mark the spot but a weather-beaten stone on which the name Hamilton has been almost obliterated by the winds and rains of heaven. In place of the narrow ledge, there is now a broad track, over which the trains of the West-Side Railroad will soon be thundering northward to Fort Lee and farther on, awakening the echoes from the picturesque Weehawken heights and the lofty Highlands of the Hudson.

"Let me hope, I pray you," wrote Fitz-Greene Halleck to a lady-friend at Fort Lee, a few years ago, "that, while I live, you will not allow any person, whom I refrain from naming (the same person who entered, of old, the only paradise on earth to be compared to Fort Lee, in the shape of a rattle-snake, and played the very devil there), to come, in the shape of a railroad locomotive, screaming his way through your garden, up to a crystal palace on the top of the Palisades, at the rate of forty miles an hour." The poet's prayer was realized; he did not live to witness this much-needed improvement, and to have his heart saddened by what he would have deemed a desecration of the fondly-cherished scene so indelibly impressed upon his memory.

The venerable cedar-tree against which Hamilton leaned, as he gazed sadly, for the last time, on the distant city which held all that was dear to him in this world, has been cut down and thrown into the river, and the place changed beyond all recognition. Looking around for the memorials of past days, we at length discovered the granite block inscribed with the name of Hamilton; but the other was not to be found, nor the numerous rocks, which we had seen on our former visit, decorated with the names or initials of persons who had made pilgrimages to the place.

A gang of laborers were at work near the spot, and to their

foreman we addressed an inquiry about the granite block inscribed "Burr, 1804." The conversation ran as follows:

Writer.—Have you seen a large stone here similar to this one marked Hamilton?

Foreman.—Yes.

Writer.—Was it marked with the name of Burr, and dated 1804?

Foreman.—Yes.

Writer.—Do you know where it is?

Foreman.—Yes.

Writer.—Can you point it out to me?

Foreman.—Well, I guess not, seeing it's under-ground. It's been used as a covering-stone in a culvert just above here.

Writer.—Could you not have made use of another stone, and allowed the interesting memorial to remain?

Foreman.—Why, yes; and I told the boss he'd better lay it alongside of the 'tother stone; but he said that Burr was a mean cuss, anyhow, and not of much account, and he guessed it would be more useful doing duty as a covering-stone than perpetuating his memory.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION IN ENGLAND.

THE architect of the Great Eastern, Mr. J. Scott Russell, has made a book on education, which is not unworthy of his reputation. It is, indeed, a view of the subject from the Great Eastern stand-point. It was impossible that a man could strike out so boldly in the career of construction as to produce so wonderful a work as the Great Ship, without getting a habit of viewing things which could not fail to tell in other directions. Successfully to achieve so colossal and complicated a construction required a mind of a bold and independent cast, accustomed to penetrate through the semblances of knowledge to their exact realities, and this is essentially the thing that Scott Russell has done in the preparation of his elaborate book on "Systematic Technical Education."

The preparation of the author for the task he has undertaken is special and extensive. His own education was three-fold: first, a university course; second, a course of mathematical and theoretical education; and third, a thorough workshop training. The earlier part of his professional life was devoted to the advancement of the scientific knowledge peculiar to his own technical duties; while the middle portion of his life gave him experience in the practical duties of his profession on the largest scale. This combination of systematic mental discipline with long practical experience gives peculiar weight to his published views upon the subject.

Mr. Russell accepts the common division of education into two kinds—gymnastic and technical. By *gymnastic* education he means that sort of mental cultivation which takes into account the mind alone, and cultivates it with no reference to the future avocations of the student. By *technical* or *practical* education, he understands that cultivation of the mental and active powers which forms a preparation for the labors of life, whatever their kind. Assuming activity or work of some sort to be the duty if not the destiny of all, and that in elaborating the materials, and dealing with the order of Nature, the success reached is in proportion to the intelligence applied, he maintains that it is the duty of government to provide for that special instruction in all the great branches of industry which shall qualify the workman to put forth his power most effectively, both for his own advantage and for the interest of the state. The branches of technical education are therefore as varied as the industries and activities of society. Whatever the materials which it becomes the fate of a man or woman to deal with—whether the soil and its products, as in the case of the agriculturist; or the mineral resources of the earth, as in the case of the miner; or domestic affairs, as in the case of woman; or with the control of communities, as in the case

of the legislator—a knowledge of the objects treated and skill in their management are required; and from this point of view he regards the old universities whatever their claims, to be in point of fact technical schools for the clergyman, the doctor, the lawyer, and the statesman.

Mr. Russell projects a system of technical education for England, but not as a theory or experiment; for the result he aims at has been already realized extensively and perfectly in Continental countries. In Prussia, in Switzerland, and even in the lesser states of Nassau, Baden, and Hanover, systematic technical instruction of all grades prepares for every kind of occupation and every branch of industry. He selects Wurtemberg as a model, a little country with a population one-twentieth that of Great Britain. The scheme there reduced to successful practice is symmetrical and complete. The Polytechnic University of Stuttgart educates the highest classes of professional men, civil engineers, mechanical engineers, architects, and the mercantile and commercial classes. Chemistry, in its application to the arts and manufactures, is fully taught, and there is a course of general superior scientific and literary education for professors, lecturers, and men of leisure. The building is one of the finest in Stuttgart, and contains no less than fifty-one professors and teachers. "Besides the usual lecture-rooms and studios, there are, a chemical laboratory, a physical laboratory, mineralogical museums, laboratories for constructive experiments, plaster-modelling rooms, rooms for drawing, a botanical garden, and an astronomical observatory."

Below this in rank is the school of trades, intended for building crafts and tradesmen, of a grade immediately under the professional men and skilful masters of the technical university. The men whom it was especially designed to help in their vocations were stone-masons, bricklayers, and carpenters, to be trained for future master-builders; constructors of public works, subterranean works, constructors of reservoirs, water-works, mill-works, and river-works, and also land-surveyors. It is besides adapted to meet the wants of plasterers, tilers, roofers, joiners, glaziers, turners, decorators, ornament-sculptors, modelers, engravers, smiths, gold and silver workers, gardeners, and agriculturists.

Schools for rural occupations, farming and gardening schools, are numerous throughout the country. That at Hohenheim, with twenty-one masters, has under it three practical farming-schools in three different districts, each having under its care four hundred square miles of territory. There are also winter-evening schools in the villages, and the practical result is that, last year, in five hundred and twenty-three places, twelve thousand and forty persons enjoyed the privilege of agricultural instruction.

Supplementary to the agricultural education of the farmers, is an institution for the study of the anatomy, physiology, training, and diseases of animals—the Veterinary College of Stuttgart. Attached to it is a group of hospitals, in which, last year, seven hundred and seventy-five horses, eight hundred and twenty-six cattle, and two hundred and thirteen dogs, were treated, and in the connected smithy four thousand animals were shod.

In order fairly to appreciate this comprehensive and admirable system of practical education, let it not be forgotten that we should have to add half a million people to the little nation of Wurtemberg to give it *half the population* of the State of New York!

Passing to other Continental countries, Scott Russell finds a similar state of things, and he points out the vivid contrast which they present to the neglected and shameful condition of educational matters in England. The comparison, in this respect, between the rich and powerful kingdom of Great Britain and the republic of Switzerland discloses a result that is almost startling. He says: "The contrast between England and Switzerland is this: that England spends more than five times as much on pauperism and crime as she does on

education; and that Switzerland spends seven times as much on education as on pauperism and crime." In regard to technical education, England is beaten in the race—distanted, indeed, by all the Continental countries.

Accustomed to regard things in their aspects of reality, and looking at English education in its purely practical bearings, the author urges a general system of technical education as a tempting national speculation. He thus puts the question in its economical relations:

"What is, then, the mercantile or moneyed value of a well-trained, skillful Englishman, as compared to a strong, able-bodied man who understands no craft, handiwork, or art? The shop value of the two men is at once told by the labor market. The one man can earn for the community \$125 a year, the other man has an average \$300, and with superior skill \$500, a year. Or, if we take the three grades of unskilled, moderately-skilled, and highly-skilled men, we may represent their mean values by \$125, \$250, and \$375; in other words, the highly-skilled man is worth three times the value of the unskilled man.

"At the present time there are about a million of skilled workmen, but there are a million of very poorly-skilled, and two millions of utterly-unskilled men. Supposing that by education we can raise the million of lower-skilled into highly-skilled men, and replace them by one million of unskilled men, raised by some little education to their rank, we have by that single act earned for the country \$250,000,000 a year.

"We can now put the question in a new and very precise form. Is the addition of \$250,000,000 per annum to the nation's wealth, through increased training, knowledge, and skill, worth the annual outlay of \$5,000,000 from the nation's budget?"

The author goes minutely into the educational requirements of the English working-classes, and develops a policy suited to their needs. His scheme for the organization of a great Technical University, the classification of the branches of knowledge to be taught in it, and the distribution of tutorial work, is interesting and valuable. His least demand of the government is thus stated: "When the state shall have founded, in England,

One great technical university with one hundred chairs, Fifteen local technical colleges with twenty-five professors each, Three hundred science and trade schools with five to twenty-five teachers each,

it will have provided only for the teaching of 250,000, out of one million and a quarter of the youth wanting knowledge and skill. In order to do this limited work well, \$5,000,000 per annum is necessary, or \$20 per head per annum from government, in addition to local aid."

It is to the series of international exhibitions which have taken place within the last twenty years that the world is indebted for a revelation of the extent to which practical education determines national supremacy in the productive arts.

England had vast natural advantages. Her boundless wealth of coal and iron, made available by the inventions of a few men of genius who had created the whole system of modern manufacturing machinery, seemed to place her beyond all competition. The first international comparison of products was made in London in 1851. The strength and the weakness in constructive skill and artistic perfection of the various nationalities were there first disclosed. England was supreme in her machinery and metal-work, but inferior in her fabrications of earthenware and glass. The author remarks: "It is curious, but instructive, to notice that the exhibition of 1851 had disgusted the whole nation with its blue earthenware plates, cups, and saucers, borrowed from the two-thousand-years' traditions of China, and with its huge lumps of glass, called decanters and glasses, cut or moulded into hideous distortions of form. The largest shopkeepers of London will tell you that, ever since that date, the old patterns are worthless, save for export to barbarous countries."

The French and German nations were quick to perceive the elements of the situation. Recognizing England's vast advantage in the natural stores of raw material and motive power, they saw that the only way to compete with her was by superior skill and intelligence in manufacturing processes. They, therefore, proceeded at once to "establish schools in every metropolis, large town, or centre of industry, for educating professional men and masters, for training foremen and skilled workmen, and for educating apprentices." The sagacity of this policy was abundantly vindicated in the international exhibitions of Paris in 1855, of London in 1862, and of Paris again in 1867. On nearly every point of the keenest rivalry the English were beaten, humiliated, disgraced.

But why was England beaten? Having so decidedly the start, why did she not keep it? The conditions of the case were as well understood by her as by France and Germany—why did she not enter upon an equally vigorous system of technical education for her artisans? To this pregnant question Mr. Scott Russell gives us no satisfactory answer. He is indignant at English neglect of the subject; he sees the future danger, and reiterates his warnings, and redoubles his eloquent appeals for action; but he does not explain why action has not been taken.

And yet this happens to be precisely the aspect of the case in which we Americans are most deeply interested. We are allied to England by descent, by a common speech and a common faith, by intimate interchange of thought; and we have inherited from her the essential forms and spirit of our higher educational institutions. If, therefore, England breaks down before the great problem of technical education, we are concerned to know the reason of it. Is the fault in the English mind? How is it that a people with a world-wide reputation



J. Scott Russell.

for being "practical" fail so conspicuously in practical culture? How far is this result dependent upon the character of English institutions? As we, in this country, have laid the foundation of a national scheme of education, and have the question of its organization, to a great extent, still before us, the results of British experience cannot fail to be instructive, and we hope to go into this subject in the future pages of the JOURNAL.

SEVEN SITTINGS WITH POWERS, THE SCULPTOR.

BY HENRY W. BELLows.

FLORENCE, ITALY, May 1, 1868.

FOUR P. M.—I have just returned to my lodgings from my first sitting to Hiram Powers, and he has interested me so much by his conversation while at work, that it occurs to me I can hardly do a better service to art than to jot down freshly, from day to day, the more striking things that fall from his lips—specially in relation to his own art, in which he is so acknowledged a master. I propose to do my best to draw him out in the six or seven sittings he requires of me, upon the points most likely to be interesting to the public, but shall finally submit my journal to him, and publish nothing without his free consent. Meanwhile, I shall not allow him to suspect my purpose, as it might diminish the freedom and value of his utterances.

I.

One of the first busts I ever made, said Mr. Powers, was of an artist, a Frenchman, who came over with Mrs. Trollope. He proposed to paint my picture, while I was to make his bust. He was older, and considered himself much my superior, and, indeed, undertook to be my instructor. I was to begin. His first *canon* was, that I was to use no measurements, and he quoted Michael Angelo's saying—"A sculptor should carry his compasses in his eyes, not in his fingers." I humbly submitted to his authority, and finished the bust without a single measurement. He was very triumphant at what he called the success of his method. I begged permission of him, now that the bust was completed, to verify my work by the dividers. He graciously consented, and I was pleased to find how nearly I had hit the mark. A few imperfections, however, appeared, and these, in spite of his objections, I corrected without his knowledge; for I was determined to have the bust as near right as I could make it. It had taken me, however, at least five times as long to measure the distances with my eyes as it would have done to measure them with the calipers, and I saw no advantage in the longer and more painful effort. The measurements are mere preparations for the artist's true work, and are, like the surveyor's lines, preparatory to the architect's labor. When my subject, in his turn, undertook my portrait, he was true to his own principles, and finished it without measurements. I then, though with some horror at my temerity, asked permission to verify his work with the dividers, and found at the first stroke a difference of at least half an inch in the distance between the eyes. He looked very much mortified, but said that it was done to "give the effect." I have had no misgivings since about the economy and wisdom of using the calipers freely. To be useful, they must be applied with the greatest precision; so small are the differences upon which all the infinite variety in human countenances depends. With the aid of my careful measurements, I do in one day what it would cost me a week or two's work to accomplish without, and I am then able to give my exclusive attention to the modelling.

EXPRESSION.

I once had a long argument with F—, the painter, on expression. He had been expatiating on the value of color as a vehicle of expression, and I had heard him patiently so long as he confined himself to its advantages in his own art; but, when

he began to pity the limitations of mine, and to sympathize with the trials a sculptor must suffer in being confined wholly to form, I waxed a little wrathful, and begged him to keep his condolence till it was called for. I told him boldly that color, though it might heighten expression, was incapable of giving the least, independently of form, while form was the very essence of expression, and so independent of color, that expression in all its deepest moods was even injured by it. Expression, in the sense in which we both used it in our discussion, is that something which is communicated to a thing by the thought or will that inhabits it. Living objects have expression in proportion to the strength and freedom of the spirit that animates them. Inanimate or vegetable things may have expression; but it is indirect—the expression of their maker's will, not their own. Now, color has no power to communicate any voluntary or characterizing expression. Form, on the contrary, expresses with exactness the precise signification of the thing. You hand me a marble apple. "What is it?" you ask—"An apple in marble;" another in ivory—"An apple in ivory;" another in bronze—"An apple in bronze." You hand me a real apple—"That is the apple itself." But all the images—in marble, ivory, bronze—have given the essential thing, the form. Their color has merely told in what substance they were wrought—a non-essential fact. Form is the essence, color the accident. F— challenged me to draw or model a *blush*. I told him I would model one after he had painted one. No; the essence of a blush is the sudden suffusion of the countenance with heightened color. Mere color can only represent a girl with a red face. Drawing can indicate all the modest, surprised, delicate expression of a blushing girl, and suggest the idea of the blush without attempting what painting itself has always found an impossibility. Among all the equestrian statues I do not remember one in which the artist has been foolish enough to bring all the legs of the horse close together. There is a time when they are in that position, but it is not the time to indicate motion. A horse, modelled so, would simply look like a horse about to lie down.

Mr. Powers said that, during all his thirty years' residence in Italy, he had been only twice in Rome, and then for not more than a week at a time on either occasion. On my first opportunity, said Mr. Powers, Mr. Preston, of South Carolina, accompanied me in my visit to the galleries. He was so thoroughly read up and instructed, that he knew beforehand every thing he was going to see, and just where it was. But he was so impatient to get back to his family, that he hurried me through like lightning; and forgot that I had none of his careful culture and readiness to receive impressions at a glance. I have felt, on both my visits, as if I were riding in an express train through a cane-brake, and was called upon to number the reeds. Rome oppresses me. It is so crowded with wonders and artistic wealth, and yet so full of ruins and decay, that it seems to say, "What is the use of adding to this superfluity, or to the materials for this sure destruction?" Florence was more than I could stand, when I first came out. My kind friends in America, who had persuaded themselves I was a young Michael Angelo, did not know how discouraged I felt by their extravagant praises, nor how dashed by the variety and extent of the sculptures I found here. "What can I add worthily," I said, "to these already countless treasures of art?" I believe I found more encouragement in finding some *bad* works in the galleries than in seeing the many *excellent* ones. They seemed to say, "Even bunglers may do things thought worthy of preservation." But Rome is a thousand times worse than Florence in this smothering accumulation of treasures. I could not live and preserve my own artistic independence and courage to labor and strive amid such an overwhelming crowd of artistic products. But, after all, want of time has been my chief reason for not going to Rome. It has also kept me from going to America, which I have so much wished to visit.

In illustration of the fact that the more you know of Rome the more you feel your ignorance of it, did you ever hear what Gregory XVI. was accustomed to say to strangers visiting him ceremoniously at his pontifical reception, as they passed by his throne: "How long have you been in Rome?" "A week, your holiness." "And when do you leave?" "A week hence, your holiness." "Well, you will have *seen* Rome." The next visitor, to the same inquiries of the pope, replies, "Three weeks," and that he stays three more. The pope says, "You will know Rome very well by *that* time." The third, to the same questions of his holiness, answers that he has been in Rome three months, and proposes to stay three more. "Ah! you will have had quite a taste of Rome in a whole winter," replies the pope. But to the last, who has been there a year, and is coming for another, the pope says, "A very good beginning."

You saw Michael Angelo's "Moses," you say. Were you not afraid he would get up and knock you over? Not much of the meek lawgiver about him! He looks as if he had just eaten half an ox, and had not yet wiped his chops. I shouldn't like to be his provider! Did you notice how out of drawing the articulation of the lower jaw is? He could not for his life open his mouth; the jaw would wobble like a pendulum. And where is the place for his statesmanlike brains? Certainly not in the top of his head. Nothing can overstate Michael Angelo's greatness; but, if he had condescended to measurements, he would have escaped many very injurious mistakes. His "Christ with the Cross," in the Church of _____, in Rome, is, after all, only a young buck. Even the ancients were not infallible. Look at the back of the Venus; you will see that the dimple marking the articulation over the sacrum, which belongs to the limb that is dropped, is higher than the mark of the other joint, when it should have been half an inch lower. The error is demonstrable.

MANHOOD AND WOMANHOOD.

BY DR. THOMAS LAYCOCK, PROFESSOR OF MEDICAL PSYCHOLOGY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

II.

THE duties of woman, being those of the family, would be easy under natural conditions, were there no disturbing causes at work, for the number of males born exceeds that of females, and thus the source of human society, the married pair, would be always complete. But the duties of the *vir*, by exposing him to greater dangers, diminish his numbers in barbarous tribes, while in civilized communities the withdrawal of the young, active, and marriageable, into warlike, commercial, and colonizing enterprises, interferes with that pairing which forms the family. For these reasons many women find no mates, and never can. The compensation of this disturbance of the fundamental law is manifested in the lower evolution of human society as polygamy, in which several women, as wives or concubines, are made subservient to the sensual pleasures and the uses of one man; and, in the higher evolution, as polygyny, in which several women constitute the household as helps and companions to the married pair at the head.

In the stage of civilization characterized by great cities—in Europe at least—the household unit wholly fails to provide for women, so that many are left to provide for themselves and their children. In England, in 1861, 840,000 married women, or about one-fourth of the whole number, were thus occupied, and two-thirds of the widows, or 490,000. In every age and in every race, under similar conditions, the same social results of civilization follow. Woman is thus driven to compete for the means of subsistence with the *vir* under circumstances which inevitably place her at a disadvantage in all the spheres of social enterprise, except the one in which competition is

rather with each other for man, and certainly not possible with him.

With a view to the redress of woman's grievances, various means have been recommended. The higher education of woman has been chiefly advocated in this country, partly with a view to fit her for the better performance of the duties of wife and mother, and so diminish that disinclination to marry which in a luxurious state of civilization men manifest, and partly with a view to bread-winning. Whatever enlightens the understanding of a woman, and teaches her that the domestic virtues and acquirements are her best recommendation, and the true sources of her power, must advance her position. It is not too much to say that to a woman the knowledge of the things that lie before her in daily life is her prime wisdom, and the most solid basis for her welfare and the welfare of society, which are in truth identical. Healthy mothers of healthy children lie at the root of all national greatness, of whatever kind. Hence a knowledge of all that concerns health in the household should constitute an essential part of every woman's education.

The principles and practice of hygiene should take precedence of the principles and practice of medicine, and the art of nursing of the art of curing. Woman's education with a view to bread-winning raises much wider questions. Capability to do is by no means the chief; fitness and political expediency are of at least equal importance. It may be fully admitted that there is hardly any masculine pursuit in civilized life for which masculine women might not be found—women able and willing to command the Channel fleet, cut for the stone, or serve in the artillery; but it would hardly be maintained that such and similar duties would be either morally fit for the woman or politically expedient.

It is very certain, too, that not a few occupations now followed by men would be more fittingly, if not more successfully, followed by women. But, granted that women are not only fit and able, but have succeeded in securing employment in every sphere in which they desire to work, just as women are employed men in the same proportion will be displaced, will emigrate, and otherwise disappear; women would then compete with each other for employment, and still more actively for the men, so that all the conditions of the problem would remain unsolved. The chief results would be a further diminution in the virile force of the nation, and an increase in prostitution, infanticide, and that meretricious competition for marriage-connections which inevitably results from an excess in the number of women.

It follows, therefore, that the radical remedy for the evils of modern civilization is a better distribution of the sexes. In the newly-populated colonies of the Anglo-Saxon race, women are needed, fitted for the duties of helpmates to the colonists. In California, there are three males to one female; in Nevada, eight to one; in Colorado, twenty to one. The noxious and unnatural differences in the proportions of the sexes in city and colony are unquestionably due in part to the disinclination of women to emigrate, but in part, too, to their unfitness to help man in the fulfilment of his primal duty and destiny, which is to "multiply and replenish the earth, and subdue it." Nothing but a suitable education of woman in the mass to this end can meet this unfitness. There seems to be less excuse for unwillingness to emigrate for the women of the United States than for those of the Old World, with its conventionalities and its distance from the region to be subdued. It is to the latter, indeed, that the success of polygamy in Utah must be attributed.

Whatever man is, woman will reflect his nature; but then she has the moulding of his nature and of his character in some degree, at least, in her hands; and, strong in her maternal and moral instincts, she will be able to do more for man's spiritual and moral elevation, as an educated wife and mother, than in any virile occupation whatever, however honorably she may fill

it. It is the unity in fitness of things which constitutes, not only strength, but goodness and beauty. Let society abandon these, and moral evils surely result. It is chiefly among the cultured and luxurious classes of great cities that that moral degradation of women is observed, which consists in the abolition of the maternal instinct, and which leads directly to the crimes of infanticide and abortion. It is doubtless true that in certain countries the excess of females is met by female infanticide; but, in all large and luxurious communities, both abortion and infanticide are extensively and openly practised by women.

That these crimes are not wholly due to pressure on the means of subsistence, is clearly shown by the fact that they are comparatively rare in poor countries like Ireland, and that they originate in physical causes connected with civilization is shown by the fact that domestic animals are apt to kill and eat their offspring. Even petted hens, when sitting, will chip and eat their eggs. If we inquire into motives, it is usually found that, with the defect of the maternal instinct, there is conjoined a selfish egotism and self-indulgence on the part of the woman. Thus it is said to be universal amongst the higher classes of Turkey, that the woman, after bearing two children, for the future provokes abortion, partly to preserve her form and beauty, and partly to diminish the number of her descendants. And Dr. Storer shows that the practice of abortion by the native American women of Massachusetts and New York is so limiting the increase of the native population, that it is maintained chiefly by immigration. He says: "The number and success of professed abortionists is notorious. . . . Hardly a newspaper throughout the land that does not contain their open and printed advertisements, or a drug-store whose shelves are not crowded with their nostrums, publicly and unblushingly displayed."

It appears, too, that insanity and maternal deaths are increased by the practice. Dr. Storer further adds the significant fact, that the feminine instincts of these women are so blunted, that many are not conscious that to practise abortion for the purpose of destroying their offspring is a crime. In no country, perhaps, is there more chivalrous respect paid to women than in the United States, yet in this selfish egotism, according to Dr. Storer, they exceed the women of even the most luxurious cities of the Old World.

That another fundamental feminine instinct is enfeebled, is further proved by the fact that it is in these luxurious cities of the United States a vigorous agitation has been of late carried on by women for the absolute equality of women with men in education, trades, professions, and political power. All these facts point to the conclusion that luxury is causing a physical degeneration and moral deterioration. Dr. Storer regrets this destruction of human life by abortion; but the practice, criminal as it is, checks proportionately the increase of an immoral and degraded population.

While, however, men are clamoring against women, and insisting that they shall be better educated, it would be well if they looked to their own condition in this respect. The means of education are universal in the United States; but there, even more than in modern Europe, speculative theology, philosophy, and ethics, produce their bitter fruits in the development and pursuit of mysticisms and crazes of every kind, to the neglect of the laws of Nature and the science of those laws. Nor are signs wanting in this country of the same unsocial tendencies. In a letter addressed to Mrs. McLaren, President of "the National Society for Women's Suffrage," Mr. J. S. Mill announces as a "fact, that political freedom is the only effectual remedy for the evils which women are conscious that women suffer." This principle of political economy, so broadly and unreservedly stated, must be held to be the legitimate product of that kind of speculative philosophy of which Mr. Mill is the ablest and most authoritative living expounder; and therefore, although not perhaps intended to be so absolutely dogmatic as it appears,

serves well, by what it omits, to contrast speculative philosophy, when practically applied to man's welfare, with the more cautious conclusions of an inductive mental science, founded on the widest and deepest observation of the order and laws of Nature.

ABOUT BABIES.

IN one of the street-cars of the metropolis, a few evenings since, was a lady with a baby.

One of the blue-eyed, crowing, happy babies, disarranging its white robes and rumpling its blue ribbons with all the *abandon* of a baby that is secure in ever-fresh supplies both of love and clothes. The mother was evidently a stranger to the other ladies in the car; yet all of them smiled when they looked in her direction, and many of them spoke to her and seemed to love her for the sake of the beautiful child.

The opening instinct of womanhood seems to be the love of babies, and the girl must be a very little one who does not want a doll to which she can play the sweet part of mother. The depth and purpose of the instinct are revealed to us in the petition of the little miss of five years, who happens to be an only child—"Mamma, I want a baby to play with, a *meat* baby, mamma."

No kinder blessing was ever bestowed than in the close of Fanny Fern's letter to the then newly-married Princess Royal of England: "And when, brightest of all others, the crown of maternity shall descend upon your youthful brow, God grant you that nicest of all places on earth to cry in—a mother's bosom!"

Yet, while the instinct of maternity is peculiar to woman, and marks her sex more plainly than rounded limbs or gentle manners, it is not to women and girls alone that the love of babies is confined.

It was once the lot of the writer to dwell in the white tents of Camp Harrison, in Georgia—in that lower part of the State where families are always far between, and much more so in war-times. For long weeks we had not seen a woman or a child.

At last the railroad through the camp was repaired, and in the first train there was a lady, with just such a wide-awake, kicking baby as the later one of the metropolis. Some hundreds of rough soldiers were around the cars, and Captain Story, of the 57th Infantry, was the biggest and roughest among them, if we judge of the tree by its bark.

The lady with the baby in her arms was looking from a window, and he took off his hat and said, "Madam, I will give you five dollars, if you will let me kiss that baby." One look at his bearded face told her that there was nothing bad in it, and, saying, with a pleased laugh, "I do not charge any thing for kissing my baby," it was handed over. The little one was not afraid, and the bushy whiskers, an eighth of an ell long, were just the play-house it had been looking for.

More than one kiss did the captain get from the little red lips, and there was energy in the hug of the little round arms. Then other voices said, "Pass him over here, cap!" and, before the train was ready to move, half a hundred men had kissed the baby. It was on its best behavior, and crowed, and kicked, and tugged at whiskers, as only a happy baby can. It was an event of the campaign; and one giant of a mountaineer, who strode past us with tread like a mammoth, but with teardimmed eyes and quivering lips, said, "By George, it makes me feel and act like a fool; but I've got one just like it at home."

Other lands have owned the power of this young immortality, and the Hindoo hails the little stranger with the words, "Young child, as thou hast entered the world in tears when all around thee smiled, so live as to leave the world in smiles while all around thee weep."

A BIT OF HEART-HISTORY.

IT is difficult for us to imagine the state of mind that people must have been in regarding themselves, before the discovery of the circulation of the blood. Something was known of the general arrangement of bodily parts; almost nothing of their functions, uses, or mode of working. The blood was thought to be either a stagnant humor, or to have an aimless tidal movement—an ebb and flow backward and forward through the larger tubes. The stomach was a mechanical mill, grinding its alimentary contents at pressures estimated from a few ounces to thousands of pounds.

No physical use was seen for the heart, and, as its throbs and palpitations were influenced by the feelings, it was held to be the seat of the affections, and in literature the word represents them to this day. But with the discovery of the circulation the heart was invested with a physical office, and was degraded from its emotional throne to the vulgar service of a force-pump. The uses of the valves, cavities, and beats, were now seen; the heart-pulses were strokes of a little muscular engine, which impelled the incessant round of the circulation. An undoubted step, and a great one, was taken in establishing the fact of the circulation, and in linking the heart to it as a *primum mobile*, and, as is natural under such circumstances, the whole subject was supposed to be cleared up.

But there were outstanding facts which did not tally with the theory that the heart is the motive power of the circulation. There were animals with circulations and with only three-quarters of a heart; others with circulations and only half a heart, and others still, with circulations and no heart at all—little a cardiac wreches which seemed to be created to contradict all rational theory and confound the physiologists. What was to be done? There was but one thing to be done: to deprive the heart of its high impelling function, and transfer that function to the capillary vessels. The motive force was found to be molecular attraction, and not mechanical impulse; and the central heart was again degraded to the office of a mere governor or regulator of the movements of masses of fluid in the higher animals. The living clock was moved by capillary weights and molecular springs, and the heart was but the pendulum which timed the rate of action. The subject of vital dynamics seemed now satisfactorily elucidated, and the physiologists thought they might enjoy a season of rest.

But there is no rest for people who have once begun earnestly to inquire; every new fact is but a key to unlock another door, and the curiosity to see what is inside is strengthened every time. And so it was in regard to heart-physiology. What causes the heart to beat? Whence comes the impulse? When does it begin to beat? Here was still more difficult work, and plenty of it. The heart was found to be linked by nerve-lines to the nerve-centres. Disturbances of the nervous system disturb its action; and the spring of heart-movements was therefore inferred to be in the nervous centres. As for the time of its starting, that, it was supposed, must be when it has got sufficiently perfect to do its work, and the system sufficiently developed to need its regulation.

But this, too, is at length found to be unsatisfactory. Dr. Foster tells us, in the lecture which we print this week, that the heart's impulses of movement are within its own molecular structure, just as much as in the case of the countless millions of little vibratile cilia which cover the surfaces of our lining membranes; which are only the twelve-thousandth of an inch long, and which lash away at the rate of twelve strokes per second all our lives long, to keep in motion the thin film of fluid by which these membranes are moistened. As for the time that the heart begins to beat, the audacious doctor says there is no "beginning" about it. The spontaneous movements of the heart are slowly evolved out of the spontaneous movements of protoplasm. "Very interesting is it," says he, "to

watch how the slow, irregular, drawling movements of the primordial protoplasm are gradually transformed and gathered up into the sharp, short stroke of the heart's beat. We speak, in common language, of the heart of the chick as beginning to beat on the second or third day of incubation. It is then that its beat becomes obvious to our senses as a beat. But, in reality, it never does *begin* to beat. There is no sharp line of demarcation between the protoplasmic crawl and the true rhythmic spasm; the one, little by little, merges into the other."

We should almost be tempted to say that this is getting to the bottom of the business; but in this business there is no "bottom" any more than there is "beginning" of vital motion. The protoplasmic door is just being pushed open for the first time. Let us take warning of the past, and not fall into the complacency of supposing that we are at last near the end. There are neither "beginnings," "bottoms," nor "ends," in the course of Nature.

TABLE-TALK.

A POPULAR prejudice has always identified the ladies of the women's rights persuasion with every thing that is either dowdy and slovenly, or angular and shrewish. The appearance and the manners of these apostles have always sufficiently accounted for their want of success; for what man could or would encourage a dogma that threatened to transform the grace, delicacy, and beauty of his wife or sweetheart into those dismal and fearful things known as Women's Rights women? But at the convention of this association, recently held in New York, a change came over the spirit of the scene. At one of the gatherings of the convention there appeared on the platform a speaker costumed so richly, with face and form and manner so womanly and charming, that the ancient prejudices of those present vanished into thin air at sight of the vision. Possibly the speaker's charms were enhanced by all her dun and dim surroundings. Certainly, her rich attire looked almost extravagant and overdone, by the side of the gray and dismal stuffs these "women of ideas" delight in dressing in. But, a young, gay, bright-faced, womanly woman, one who could speak softly and mellow, and look bewitching, and appeal to her hearers with a superb confidence in her power to charm them, was certainly something new in the history of the women's rights movement. The speaker was Miss Olive Logan. Her address was vivacious, egotistical, witty, delightful, and altogether inconclusive. But it is very clear that, if women of this kind are to go on the platform; if we are to be besieged by such new weapons—attacked wherein we are most vulnerable by bright eyes and womanly coquetry; if these new tactics are to be adopted by the sagacious leaders of the League, then every man must buckle himself in armor of proof, and be wary and vigilant indeed, lest his logic and his reason and his convictions succumb to forces which he has no legitimate means of resisting.

— It has often been asserted, and never, to our recollection, been seriously denied, that, whatever may be the case at the bar or in the senate, in the pulpit or the parlor, variations from the standard of correct English are much more frequent and more marked among the masses of Great Britain than among those of the United States. Such being the case, it is a little curious that, of the three most striking specimens of English dialectic poetry as yet produced, two have an American origin. We refer, of course, to Lowell's "Biglow Papers" and Leland's "Breitmann Ballads," which come next to Burns's Lowland-Scots poetry—*longo intervallo*, perhaps, but certainly next. It is worth remarking that the former of these experiments made its way into public favor rather, and the latter very, slowly. In the case of "Breitmann," this may be easily accounted for by the somewhat recondite character of many of the ballads. One of the longest is a regular travesty of a poem belonging to the Nibelungen series, and not familiar even to all readers of the "Nibelungen Lied." Others ridicule the deepest speculations of science. A single four-line verse of "Breitmann in Politics" ludicrously disposes of transcendental metaphysics and positive materialism at the same time. The major premise from Moleschott, the minor from Fichte, and the practical conclusion in favor of lager-beer, form one of the neatest and funniest syllogisms on record:

"De sechste crate moril lde—since it very well is known
Dat mind ish de resolt of food, as Moleschott has shown,
Und as mind is de highest form of Gott, as in Fichte doth appear—
He moest alays go mit der party dat go for lager-bier."

— Radicalism and conservatism, usually considered as essentially antagonistic, are, in truth, centripetal and centrifugal forces, which balance, direct, and regulate the movement of society. It is plain that, if this spirit of progression which is called radicalism were not checked and moderated by its opposing conservatism, it would dash along at a speed to carry us all headlong into social anarchy. It is equally plain that, if the spirit of adherence to the old which we call conservatism pervaded universally, without the restless spur of progressive thought, we should all stagnate in "green and mantling stillness." There is an antagonism in each to the other that escapes in denunciation and much show of warfare; but the philosophical observer is conscious that each contributes a necessary part to one whole—neither is complete, neither absolutely right, neither dispensable.

— Of the sweetness, delicacy, grace, and quaint pathos of Jean Ingelow's poems little can be said that is not already recognized. That a new volume of her poems will appear in the early part of the summer, is intelligence that our readers will hail with pleasure. From the early sheets of this volume we are permitted by the publishers to extract the following

SONG.

The martin flew to the finch's nest,
Feathers, and moss, and a wisp of hay:
"The arrow it sped to thy brown mate's breast;
Low in the broom is thy mate to-day."

"Liesst thou low, love? low in the broom?
Feathers, and moss, and a wisp of hay,
Warm the white eggs till I learn his doom."
She beateth her wings, and away, away!

"Ah! my sweet singer, thy days are told
(Feathers, and moss, and a wisp of hay!)
Thine eyes are dim, and the eggs grow cold.
O mournful morrow! O dark to-day!"

The finch flew back to her cold, cold nest,
Feathers, and moss, and a wisp of hay.
Mine is the trouble that rent her breast,
And home is silent, and love is clay.

— Is not that mental exaltation which we call imagination apt always to be a little wild? To get out of the grooves that society, trade, and all those things which we sum up as the proprieties, would thrust it into, it must be stirred by the imps that ride through the brains of madmen. When we find a man whose imagination gets into his tongue, we are quite sure to discover one whose wit has driven his judgment out of court. Charles II. never said a foolish thing, nor did a wise one, eh? That's exactly true of nearly every wit that ever lived.

— There are few of our juvenile readers, and even those of larger growth, who will not be interested in hearing the pretty incident which originated the name of the beautiful little flower, the forget-me-not. This exquisite flower of memory, with its blue like the tint of the summer heavens, and its golden eye, bright as the eye of hope itself, is consecrated not alone to the reminiscences of love, but also to those of home and friendship. The field forget-me-not, or *Myosotis arvensis*, is often assumed as the token-flower; but the true one is the water forget-me-not, *Myosotis palustris*, whose flower is rather larger and more intensely blue than that of its sister of the fields. The legendary origin of its name proves the claim of the aquatic species to be the real blossom of remembrance. A German knight and his lady-love were walking on the banks of a stream, when the fair one saw a beautiful tuft of the *Myosotis palustris* growing in the water, and expressed a wish to have it. The knight, with due chivalrous alacrity, plunged at once into the river in all his array, and gathered his prize, but before he could again climb up the steep and slippery bank, he was drawn by a treacherous eddy into a deep pool, and, encumbered as he was with his heavy armor and helmet, finding he could not save himself, just as he sank forever, he threw the flowers ashore to his mistress, and uttered with his last breath, "Vergiss mein nicht!"—forget me not!

— One of the poet Moore's friends thought it a good satire on philology to compare the French *mèche* and *méchant* with the English

wick and *wicked*. He was perhaps not aware that *wick* and *wicked* are really connected (through *quick*), though the French words have no etymological relation. The great facilities for punning in French are owing not merely to the multitude of similar sounds, but also to the literal identity of many words having no radical connection, and this identity again is owing to the manner in which the language has been *shut up* from the Latin, disyllables becoming monosyllables, trisyllables dissyllables, and so on. We have, however, many similar examples in English, such as *league* a compact, from the Latin *ligare*, to bind, and *leugne*, a measure of distance, not from *locus*, as a recent writer on philology asserts, but from the Celtic *leach* (ch hard), meaning *white*, and probably cognate with the Greek *leucos*. The Gauls, under the Roman empire, gave the name of *leach* to the *white stones* which they used to mark their unit of road measure, about a mile and a half.

— In that very amusing narrative, "Five Weeks in a Balloon," in which a volatile French writer records the imaginary experiences and adventures of a company of aéronauts in crossing the African Continent in a balloon, we see the astonishing effect of such a phenomenon upon the ignorant minds of the African savages. How amazing and incomprehensible to men's up-turned gaze such a vision must appear when seen for the first time, it is difficult to appreciate, but occasionally comes a telling anecdote forcibly illustrating it. A Southern correspondent informs us of a recent incident of the kind as follows: "An aéronaut who had begun experimental navigation, at Lexington, and met with some trouble from adverse winds, concluded to reach the earth in the best way he could, and selected a large field as a suitable place for the attempt. A negro was guiding a plough after the progress of a mule, and paused in his camp-meeting song as he heard, directly over his head, the voice of the man in the balloon, asking him to make a line fast to an adjacent stump. For once, a negro turned pale. His eyes and open mouth were only turned upward for an instant, and then his jack-knife was out, rapidly cutting the mule loose from the plow, there being no leisure to unhitch. In the next minute, the hatless negro, with one shoe left in the furrow, and digging his heels into the sides of the mule, was on his way from the field to the cross-roads store, a mile away. While the air-voyager was anchoring his cloud of distended silk, as best he could, the negro and the mule burst into the midst of the little knot of idlers, standing in the sun at the 'store,' the excited African exclaiming—'Oh, massa! massa! An angel hab come down from heaven, sartin' sure! I seed him myself, come right down in the field, in a *bladder* as big as a house!' The angel and the bladder were soon visited."

— Customs and inventions, especially in the minor arts of life have a tendency to travel away from their original localities, and sometimes they come back upon them in odd ways. Few Americans have visited Europe without being asked somewhere "if they had in America" some peculiarly Yankee notion—it might be a steamboat or a sherry-cobbler. Thirty years ago, Baltimore was specially famed for its stuffed crabs. With the institution of clubs the dish came to New York; and now the Baltimore hotels offer you on their bills-of-fare crabs stuffed New-York fashion. Even witticisms are often thus appropriated, and served up again to the real owners. The Bostonians are specially unfortunate in having their own wares returned upon them as foreign novelties. Barnum fished an imitation mermaid out of a collapsed museum there, showed it all round the country, and wound up with an exhibition at Boston; and William Everett transplanted to England a good story about a second-hand pulpit, and afterward redelivered it to his fellow-townsmen in his Lowell lectures as a Cantab joke.

— Some old father—we are not sure whether it was Origen or Gregory of Nyssa—believed in an *apocalastasis*, or general final rehabilitation of every thing and everybody, including Satan himself. It may or may not be superfluous to state that, in those times, there was no body corresponding to our present New-York Corporation.

— Mrs. Stowe, in her new novel, "Oldtown Folks," is guilty of a singular anachronism. She makes one of her characters quote the couplet

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home,"

from "Home, Sweet Home," about twenty years before Mr. Howard Payne threw that pleasant sentiment into verse. Mrs. Stowe relieves

the sombreness and "humbleness" of New-England homes by some very pleasant pictures of its life around the old-fashioned kitchen-fire; and the following bit of description ought to be the means of banishing these recently-invented stoves, and restoring the glow and the glory of the old-time hearth-stone: "The great kitchen-fire of New England," speaks one of the characters, "gives you all the freshness and simplicity of forest-life, with a sense of shelter and protection. It is like a camp-fire in the woods, only that you have a house over you, and a good bed to sleep in at hand; and there is nothing that draws out the heart like it. People never can talk to each other as they do by these open fires. . . . I believe in the divine properties of flame. It purifies the heart and warms the affections, and, when people sit and look at the coals together, they feel a sort of glow of charity coming over them, that they never feel anywhere else." Even now, when roses are in bloom, and summer airs come softly through the open window, this picture of the old-fashioned, hearty, generous wood-fire is full of exhilaration and pleasantness.

Literary Notes.

TWO articles have recently appeared in English periodicals, designed to lower the estimate of Tennyson. The *Quarterly Review* denies him originality of intellect and comprehensiveness of grasp, while an article in the *Temple Bar* tells us that Tennyson is "not a great poet, unquestionably not a poet of the first rank, and probably, though no contemporary can settle that, not even at the head of poets of the third rank, among whom he must ultimately take his place." Tennyson, according to this writer, is only a garden poet, and not, in the largest sense, a poet of Nature at all. He is described as having a "dainty and delicious muse," and "a Pegasus with very decent legs, small, elegant head, right well groomed, and an uncommonly good mane and tail, but a Pegasus without wings. . . . Alas," says the critic, "he is no eagle; he never soars! He twitters under our roof, sweeps and skims around our ponds, is musical on the branches of our trees, plumes himself on the edges of our fountains, builds himself a warm nest under our gables and even in our hearts, 'cheeps,' to use his own words, twenty million loves, feeds out of our hands, eyes us askance, struts along our lawns, and flutters in and out our flowery pastures—does all, in fact, that welcome, semi-domesticated swallows, linnets, and musical bulbulanches do, but there it ends." The *London Spectator*, in commenting upon this, justly says: "It is, to our mind, simply silly to say that, because a great poet does not fly, like Shelley, in the thin air between earth and heaven; or thunder, like Byron, in his passion; or muse, like Wordsworth, in his solitary rapture, he is deititute of the higher poetic gifts, nay, is even a sort of effeminate *petit-maitre* in poetry. . . . Of all poets that ever lived," says the *Spectator*, "Tennyson is the greatest in painting human moods with a richness and subtlety of insight that a hair's-breadth of deviation would have spoiled."

Mrs. Stowe's new novel of "Oldtown Folks" will greatly please all the wide range of her readers, but will not increase her reputation. The scene of the story is a New-England town, and the time the close of the last century, just after the adoption of the Federal Constitution. As a picture of early New-England manners, and as a gallery of well-drawn characters, the book is worthy of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." But the characters, pictures of manners, incidents, accessories, story, are all familiar to readers of American fiction. The book purports to be a reflex only of New-England life and character—and in this, no doubt, it is eminently successful. But what was there in New-England characteristics left to be told? Do we not know the parson, the deacon, the old maid, the village scold, the village idler? Are we not familiar with the quaint philosophy, the close calculation, the harsh theology, the bustling labor, the rough manners, the terrible monotony, the severe sobriety, the stern integrity, the utterly cheerless and unimaginative life of an ancient New-England village? Mrs. Stowe tells us nothing new. Her book has no revelations of either manners or of character. But faithful portraiture of men and women have a zest and value, even if the tale has been told many times. We could have wished in a novel from Mrs. Stowe a new field, if possible, or at least fresh characterization; but, under her hands, the old portraits in the gallery of American fiction lose none of their interest.

One of the most noticeable differences between now and then, in the way of literature, is the change of tone that marks English reviews of American books. Once, open ridicule, or the covert sneer, accompanied nearly every notice of American publications. This conversion to a better appreciation of what is written in America is now evident all through English critical literature. In several London journals, now before us, we find very discriminating and appreciative reviews of recent works by American authors. The *London Spectator* calls Mr. Bay-

ard Taylor "one of the most vivid and sensible of travellers," and regrets that his latest work, "The By-ways of Europe," is, by Mr. Taylor's announcement, to be "the last of his many delightful volumes of travel." The same journal thinks that Mr. Nordhoff's collection of stories, "Cape Cod and all Along-shore," exhibits force and pleasantness of style, while there are throughout the tales many capital little touches. The *London Review* tells us that Dr. Bellows, in "The Old World in its New Face," has "a quick eye, a lively fancy, and a ready pen, and has really contrived to see a great deal, and to tell what he has seen with clearness and vivacity."

Fiction daily gains a wider recognition in the domain of literature as a power and an influence for good or for evil. Almost all the religious periodicals of England have of late years printed serial tales, and, no doubt, in rendering their issues thereby more attractive to the ordinary reader, have extended their circulation and influence. But what surprises even the English public is the issue of a novel, in two volumes, from the Bible and Crown House, by the Messrs. Rivington, almost the last quarter in the world to look for a publication of the kind. Imagine the surprise of the American public, if the Bible House or the Tract Society should announce a new American novel! But we recommend the proceeding of the English Bible House to the consideration of a religious periodical in this city which refuses even to advertise a magazine that contains fiction in its columns. The title of the English novel referred to is "Miss Langley's Will," but what the nature of the story is we have not learned.

"The American Annual Cyclopaedia," for 1868, is just issued from the press of D. Appleton & Co. This is the eighth issue of this important annual register, bringing down the record of events to the close of the year 1868. It embraces the complete annals of military, civil, and social affairs of every country for the last year, affording the most thorough contemporaneous history in the language. It is a record of all that has been done in government, civil and military; a history of commerce, science, discovery, literature, finance, agriculture, and mechanical industry; it contains biographies of the distinguished dead; public documents; statistics; it treats of all countries and of all interests. It is a work of reference for the professional and business man, and a book important to all who desire to keep themselves well-informed in the world's doings.

A curious book on the relations prevailing between the Emperor Napoleon and Prince Napoleon during the existence of the French Republic, from 1848 to 1851, has been written by one of the editors of the *Independence Belga*, who was formerly a member of the French National Assembly, and exiled in consequence of the *coup d'état*. It is said that this volume proves, by the most incontestable testimony, that Prince Napoleon, at one of the meetings held by the various groups of the representatives of the people on the 2d of December, moved, in an excited manner, that Louis Napoleon should be declared *hors la loi*, and that, in the speech in which he advocated the adoption of his motion, he intimated very plainly that Louis Napoleon had no Napoleonic blood whatever in his veins. The book will be published this summer in Paris and Brussels.

The success of Miss Phelps's "Gates Ajar" has induced her to publish a collection of her stories under the title of "Men, Women, and Ghosts." The interest excited by "Gates Ajar" has also prompted Mr. George Wood to reissue a book, published by him some years ago, called "Future Life; or, Scenes in Another Life," under the title of "The Gates Wide Open."

Berthold Auerbach was unable to find a publisher for his first novel, and had to issue it finally at his own expense. He has still in his possession the rather disdainful letters with which the publishers, to whom he sent the manuscript of his work, returned it.

The Museum.

THE Cookatoo is a species of parrot, characterized by its strong, highly-curved beak, and by the power of raising or depressing its crest. In the cut is represented the head of a remarkable species of this bird existing in the Aru Islands, which is so curious in its mode of getting a living as to deserve a place in our Museum. Mr. Wallace thus describes it:

"It has a rather small and weak body, long weak legs, large wings, and an enormously developed head, ornamented with a magnificent crest, and armed with a sharp-pointed hooked bill of immense size and strength. The plumage is entirely black, but has all over it the curious powdery white secretion characteristic of cockatoos. The cheeks are bare, and of an intense blood-red color. Instead of the harsh scream of the white cockatoo, its voice is a somewhat plaintive whistle. The

tongue is a curious organ, being a slender fleshy cylinder of a deep-red color, terminated by a horny black plate, furrowed across, and somewhat prehensile. The whole tongue has a considerable extensile power. It frequents the lower parts of the forest, and is seen singly, or at most two or three together. It flies slowly and noiselessly, and may be killed by a comparatively slight wound. It eats various fruits and seeds, but seems more particularly attached to the kernel of the kanary-nut, which



Head of Black Cockatoo.

grows on a lofty forest-tree abundant in the islands where this bird is found; and the manner in which it gets at these seeds shows a correlation of structure and habits, which would point out the 'kanary' as its special food. The shell of this nut is so excessively hard, that only a heavy hammer will crack it; it is somewhat triangular, and the outside is quite smooth. The manner in which the bird opens these nuts is very curious. Taking one endwise in its bill, and keeping it firm by a pressure of the tongue, it cuts a transverse notch by a lateral sawing motion of the sharp-edged lower mandible. This done, it takes hold

of the nut with its foot, and biting off a piece of leaf, retains it in the deep notch of the upper mandible, and again seizing the nut, which is prevented from slipping by the elastic tissue of the leaf, fixes the edge of the lower mandible in the notch, and by a powerful nip breaks off a piece of the shell. Again taking the nut in its claws, it inserts the very long and sharp point of the bill and picks out the kernel, which is seized hold of, morsel by morsel, by the extensible tongue. Thus every detail of form and structure in the extraordinary bill of this bird seems to have its use, and we may easily conceive that the black cockatoos have maintained themselves in competition with their more numerous and more active white allies, by their power of existing on a kind of food which no other bird is able to extract from its strong shell."

We often hear of the ossification of the heart, and many people believe that its muscular parts are actually convertible into bone. This notion has its origin in the fact that, in very rare cases, calcareous matter is deposited in the altered and diseased valves of aged persons. But this limy deposit is not organized bone.

Humboldt says that, if a person could be suddenly transferred from Siberia to Sumatra, the change would be so great as to produce unconsciousness.

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